Vol. CXLV. No. 1888.

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THE BYSTANDER February 21, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret—Restaurant Guide

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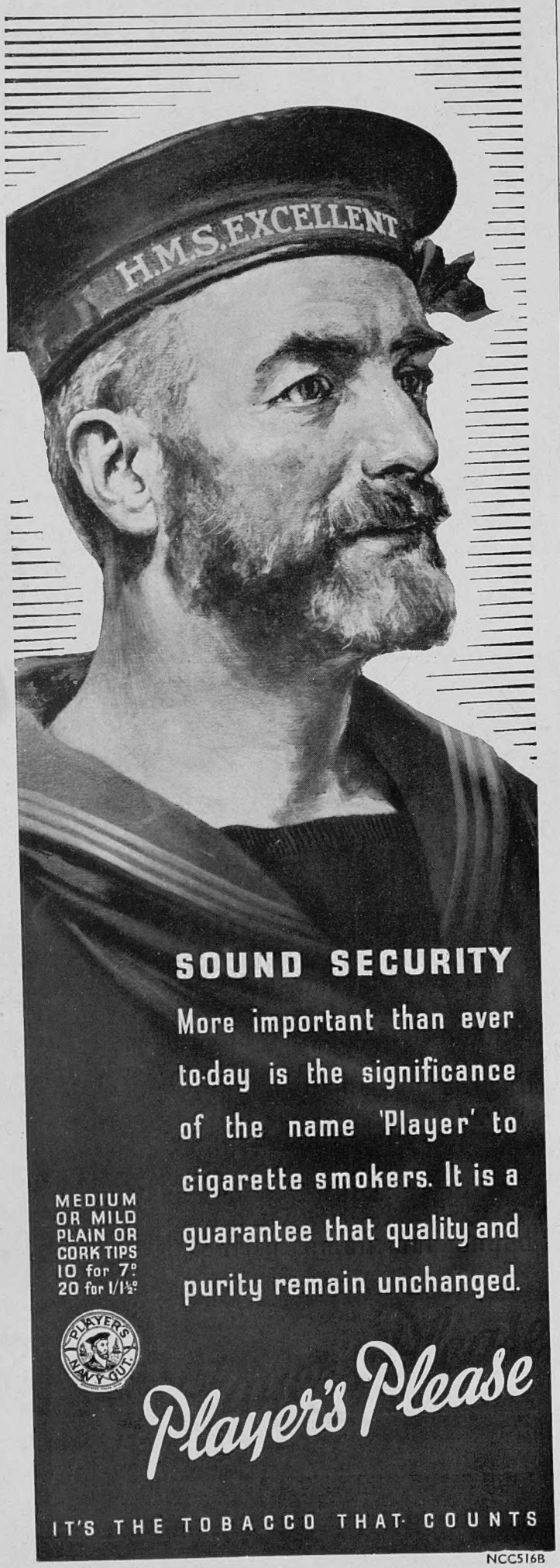

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London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The Ritz

The Ritz has the real thing

"L'ABRI DU RITZ" has become "La Popote," and you must go and see it right away. Down the stairs to the Grill, and then turn left, and you come into something which (indicating my between-wars age) reminded me of the stage setting of *Journey's End* when first I encountered it. To be more exact it is as if the H.Q. Château had nearly been bracketed the week before, and the Louis XVI. ball-room had been jacked up for the greater safety of the brass-hats. It is a shelter all right, with sandbags countless. Two chandeliers of dead bottles with candles in their necks. Behind the band (Gordon's, very good) is a panorama of the Western Front, with some nice rude drawings on the thither side of the Lines. On two boarded panels across the room are more-than-life-size paintings of La France and Britannia in the luscious current "Dairy Box" Chocolate style.

If you expect at any moment that Captain Stanhope may enter and give a rasping order to you to shut up, that is only because you are impressionable. I can only say that I have never seen uniforms in a better setting in London. "La Popote" will draw the town. On Sundays, too.

Surely the Ritz maintains dignity and friendliness in a way that has been not entirely mastered elsewhere. Innovation as it is, "La Popote" will have some of the same clientèle as comes to the ground-level restaurant for the smartest lunch in London.

The May Fair

Daylight saving

Go to the May Fair one evening; but book your table in advance. Let Ferraro do the honours, and choose your supper. Listen to Ambrose for a few dances, and dance to him for a few more. See the cabaret, dance again, and call for your bill. Now do you see why you have to book the table? If statisticians looked in on the May Fair in the late evenings they would find some good scores for the behaviour of society in wartime.

Cabaret? Well, if you have not been recently, you missed Ronald Frankau, who had the house by the ears and in the aisles. If you're lucky, you'll catch Gaston Palmer if you hurry. He is a difficult man to keep, as he has unbreakable dates in so many other places. Anglo-French comedian, juggler, contortionist and Heaven-knows-what-not. A variety performance of one man, and an excellent loon. In the very near future Polly Ward should be there, her merry-making having a martial, barrack-room tinge all its own. She is wonderfully popular these days, and is collecting big money for her good causes. But when she calls for questions, don't ask her what keeps her dress up—if it's that kind of a dress.

Meanwhile, remember that you lunch in daylight, and perhaps in sunlight, at the May Fair. And, if you come from the north, so does Mr. Frank Fisher, the genial general manager.

Prunier's

"PLEASE send to [NAME OR RANK].....[REGIMENT]....., ...tins Bouillabaisse, ...tins Homard à l'Américaine." These are not preserved. They are delicacies, as served at Prunier's, which must be eaten before the date printed on the lid. And: ".....tins Pâté de Lièvre, ... tins Pâté de Lapereau. With best wishes from ..... All prices include special packing for the Front; postage and duty free."

That tells its own story. But only half of the whole story. These Treasure Trove tins are going in large numbers across the Channel to NAME, RANK and REGIMENT. But

Treasure trove

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DANCING TO
AMBROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
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London's Antidote to the Blackout
Oddenino's
HOTEL . RESTAURANT . BRASSERIE
"The Centre of the World"
Although Eros no longer disports upon his pedestal, Oddenino's remains to uphold the gaiety of the famous Circus.
Star Cabaret and Dancing nightly in the Restaurant to Roy Wallis and his Orchestra.
100 modern bedrooms, each with separate bathroom, 'phone and central heating.
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(Special Note: Officers and men of His Majesty's Forces receive a special 10% discount.)
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BRASSERIE
FULLY LICENSED FOR
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Music by Java and his Orchestra.
NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

La Coquille
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Oysters. Shell Fish.
Fish and Light Wines.
79, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.2.
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ARTHUR YOUNG

at the **NOVACHORD** *with his Swingtet are playing for your Dancing at*

HATCHETT'S

featuring **STEPHANE GRAPPELLY,** *world-famous Swing Violinist, formerly of the Hot Club Quintette de France, and* **BERYL DAVIS.**

FROM 8.30 P.M. TO MORNING.

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Dinners and Teas.
Suppers till Midnight.
Gipsy Band.

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LEICESTER SQUARE

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

The ideal liqueur to sip after dinner . . . its intriguing flavour appeals to men and women alike. Drambuie was first made in the Isle of Skye in 1745 and has since achieved world-wide popularity. It is the perfect restorative and possesses valuable digestive properties.

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they 're also being sent to camps in England, Scotland and Wales, and getting big welcomes at the other ends. And not a few are going off to unregimented people stuck in the country, who get lobster there less frequently than they like, or whose cooks clattered off in the great frost, and haven't returned. St. James's Street supplied the four quarters. And, with luck, there will be further dishes to choose from on this long-distance-hospitality scheme.

The restaurant itself is pleasantly full and garrulous for lunch and Black-out Dinner (10/6, four courses, including oysters). Sunday lunch is a pleasant wartime novelty here. Game, fish, plats du gourmet, plats du chef. Go and forget rationing. Remember only that Cochois has returned to the kitchens, as a king comes back to his kingdom.

Oddenino's

Night and Day

"THE Centre of the World," Oddenino's has fallen straight into step with wartime and black-out, but without making any alterations that you can point to as really noticeable. If anything, they are kinder to you than they used to be. And that was very kind. They make it easier and easier for you to stretch a 10/- note over a long evening's entertainment. Supper, dancing and a head-liner for the floor-show. Suzette Tarri they 've had recently in the restaurant. And Oliver Wakefield followed her, and Edward Cooper followed him. They give you someone new every week. Roy Wallis's orchestra makes you want to dance.

The restaurant offers a lunch with a wide choice of good dishes to a set price. Across the now-carpeted floor you see the cold table overflowing with good things on to a cloth thrown on the piano at which Edward Cooper was singing the other night. (That 's a bit of a sentence.) Across the lobby is the brasserie, where food is by the card, and where, it seems, most of the French military officials come and eat their dinners. No praise that I can give will outdo that.

Hatchett's

Six o'clock to seven o'clock

THE idea to which Hatchett's gave expression for the first time a month or so back—viz., combining dancing with cocktails—has been justified beyond question by the success it has found. Go down those steps from Piccadilly any evening after six and before dinner, and you 'll hear the strains of the Novachord Trio as you reach restaurant-level. Go inside, and you see how to drink your aperitif in comfort, talk to your companions in comfort, and dance with them in harmony.

Boscasso sees to it that every table has platefuls of swagger foodstuffs so that you shall not dance on an entirely empty inside, and that 's included in the price of the drinks, too. Which drinks, incidentally, are not all cocktails. Hatchett's is still the meeting-place of the Ryland Smiths and Jim Maitlands of this earth, and in London they come here for their sundown whiskies.

Later in the evening Arthur Young and his Hatchett's Swingtet go to town for the benefit of one and all. Hatchett's is packed with the Services and their ladies. For lunch, cocktails, dinner, supper, and dancing. Not at all expensive.

Le Bon Viveur

Davico

DAVICO, who is the organising brains behind the Bon Viveur, and the welcoming host at its doors, is one of the most consistently optimistic and cheerful men I 've met in the world of restaurants. He admits that even his little sanctum looked a bit bleak in the first week of the war; but the world and his wife came back and up to numbers after the first amaze. The black-out? "Well, the people who come here are members with their friends, so they have no difficulty in finding the door. They like to come in here to be quiet, or cheerful, or to see people. We 're doing quite well." Rationing? "Well, this is a small place, and it 's easier to organise. We mustn't grumble." And he never does.

The Bon Viveur remains its cheerful, friendly and at the same time restful self. The food is bought, cooked, and served to a standard way above the price you pay for it. The wines are chosen with care before they go on that wood-carved list. And still the music floats down from the rafters after dinner, and you can dance on a minute floor.

The St. Regis

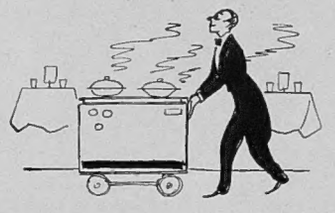
THIS fellow Marion, who was in the St. Regis cabaret when I was last there . . . and may be there still. . . . Do you know him? He does a number of tricks with cards in envelopes,

"To entertain the troops"

of which, though at the moment they seem miraculous, you say "Well, that must have taken some practice." Then he goes on to his final act, which is, frankly, impossible, except that he does it. You, sir, write a couple of words on a bit of paper in your own dreadful handwriting. Say, "Effie, Hastings." You bung it into an opaque envelope, which Marion then fingers. Soon he puts his hand over his eyes and starts seeing things. "Much water . . . the sea . . . you are driving at night . . . before the war . . . headlights are bright . . . a riderless horse . . . a girl thrown . . . she has hurt her . . . her . . . ah! ankle. You take her home in your car." And that, sir, is how you met Effie, at Hastings, in '38. That can't be a trick. Or is it?

The rest of the St. Regis service is no trick, anyway, nor is it done with mirrors. Captain Birley and Dini work out a grand welcome for the tired and hungry, the cheerful and the gourmet.

La Coquille



Hot plate on wheels

If I were to mention names—which I don't—I could write quite a Sunday page on who chooses which table at La Coquille for lunch and who else for dinner. By and large, the tables with their backs to the windows are the most eagerly sought for, though women seem to like the table on the left as you come in through the swing-doors. A certain W.O. gentleman of eminence and great gustatory fussiness takes his shell-fish like a man at the bar and generally alone. Writers like the end of the room facing the door, and big business men like to go downstairs. They all like the food, and they all like La Coquille.

That jellygraphed list on the left side of the menu consists largely of fish or vegetable dishes, so rationing has few terrors for Pagès and his customers. So long as he can give, and they can get, his oysters in season, lobsters ditto, sole, celery, pancakes, fruit and cheeses (and a few others), and those baby, half or big bottles of light wines at such small prices, all will be well pleased.

The New Queen's

All for 3s. 6d.

The New Queen's Brasserie in Leicester Square has always been a thumb-bite at the black-out. Now it has reinstated at midday what can only be reckoned a complete raspberry to rationing. That 3/6 lunch, where you are, roughly, challenged to eat everything on the whole card, has been started again. You (or your young nephew from school) may remember the fabulous possibilities that lunch had in peacetime. Well, now you can try them out in war-rationing conditions.

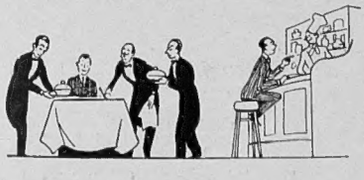
Second news item: floor-show in the evening. Yes, I know that the Brasserie was almost a permanent evening floor-show before. That atmosphere will not be changed. But now amateur singing will be hushed awhile to allow professional talent to show the way. Watch for announcements. Meanwhile, I wish everybody wouldn't go to the Brasserie the nights I want to go; because then I can't get a table. Sundays, too.

Café de l'Europe

Seven evenings a week Guitter plays for your entertainment at the Café de l'Europe. Sometimes for tea, always at dinner. Seven days a week the Café de l'Europe calls to the hungry of Leicester Square and further afield.

One of the many blessed things about the C. de l'E. is that if you want a mixed grill at 4 p.m., you can go in and get it without embarrassment, extra price, or annoyance to the staff. And down the right-hand side of the room runs a long, green and popular bar, swiftly served with the necessary by white-coated experts.

Lunches to a price, and with about the widest choices of dishes, from hors d'œuvre to sweet, that you 'll find in London. Teas when you want them and as you like them, with scones like mother makes if you strike a lucky day. And dinner from any time to pretty nearly any time. The glassed-in grill does its delightful work almost without ceasing. There 's a great deal to be said for this friendly rendezvous in Cinemaland.



A meal and a snack

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AT HOME & ABROAD

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1 portion - 4/6
3 portions - 12/6

Homard à l'Américaine
2 portions - 12/6
5 portions - 30/-

Pâté de Lapereau
4 portions - 6/6

Pâté de Lièvre
4 portions - 6/6

A Prunier dish sealed in an airtight tin—for your own home or to send to friends. Just choose, send your cheque, and they will see to packing, labelling and dispatch at no extra cost. These are not preserved—they are delicacies as served at Prunier's—and must be eaten before the date printed on the tin. Please order 48 hours ahead.

72 ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1 Reg. 1373

ST. REGIS

There is dancing in this famous Restaurant every evening, except Sundays, to London's best band.

And here, too, is London's most amusing

CABARET

Unsurpassed cooking and wines. Let "Dini" choose your menu.

CORK ST. & OLD BURLINGTON ST., LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: *Regent* 4030 (15 *lines*)

Manager: *Captain A. Birley.*

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"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

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FOR THE
SMALL WOMAN

A delightful coat for the Spring, tailored in frieze, with the smart high fastening, and fashionable flare. In navy, green and grey. 8½ gns.

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The Bystander, February 21, 1940 No. 1888. Vol. CXLV.

The Bystander

Girl with a Hoop—after Renoir

Sally Gilmour posed for this camera-study by Gordon Anthony. Her costume and the background are by Nadia Benois, from *Cap over Mill*, Walter Gore's ballet for the Ballet Rambert. More pictures of *Cap over Mill* are on page 233

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is quite clear that Big Business in the country is not going to drop the demand for an Economic Minister in the War Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Simon in the House of Commons resolutely opposed the suggestion and, as the Party Whips were put on to the division, they naturally secured a majority (although less than half the House voted). But opinion outside the House is running very strongly against the Prime Minister's decision. A lead has been given by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce which, though strongly on Mr. Chamberlain's side in almost all other matters, has passed a unanimous resolution urging the appointment of a Cabinet Minister to look after Economic Warfare. Mr. Chamberlain had to yield over the Ministries of Information and Supply. I fancy he will have to yield again.

THE landing of the Anzacs in Egypt has a picturesque as well as a strategic importance. There cannot be a single man among them who did not have a relative who landed in Egypt a quarter of a century ago on his way to fight against the Turks. Now the Turks are on our side, and it is quite likely that the sons of the Gallipoli heroes of both sides may be manning the same trench before the year is out.

THE continual strengthening of the British and French troops in the Middle East is, as I have said before in these pages, of paramount importance. The supply of Russian oil to German aeroplanes can be cut off at the source by aeroplanes flying from Syria over Turkey to Batum. The situation is a perfect example of T. E. Lawrence's strategy. It would have tickled that great man's fancy to immobilise a hundred squadrons of aeroplanes in the Rhineland by dropping a bomb on the eastern edge of the Black Sea.

DISQUIETING rumours are coming from the Baltic States. It is believed in some quarters that the Soviet is going to make some new demands on Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania for more air-bases. And one Baltic statesman has already warned his people that they may be in uniform before long. It is difficult to see how these little Republics could possibly defend themselves against a Soviet attack, even with the example of Finland across the Gulf. They have neither the natural nor the organised defences which Finland possesses.

THIS week's prize for blatant and silly propaganda goes to the news-sheet which is called *The Week*. For some time now *The Week* has been performing incredible contortionist feats to explain away the German-Soviet pact, and to defend the Soviet attack upon Finland. In its last issue its agile editor proved at great length that the Finns had won no victories at all, and that the Russians were simply marking-time before their final glorious, victorious thrust. He describes the objectives at which the Russians aimed in their first advance, and goes on to say—and it is here that we ask the editor to step forward while the grocery queen of Peacehaven hands him his bag of nuts—" These objectives were achieved—though there seems to be uncertainty as to whether the action on the isthmus was fully successful in attaining the objectives set."

***The French Finance Minister** posed recently for this portrait in his Paris office, where he has now been for sixteen months. Monsieur Paul Reynaud, dapper in appearance and swift in debate, has earned the reputation of a financial wizard; gold began to flow back into the Treasury after his appointment, and the whole of French finance began soon to take on a healthful appearance. As early as October, 1938, he was preaching, under the influence of the menace from the east, against party politics in the State, against the five-day week for workpeople. When war came, Reynaud, in close sympathy with his chief, threw himself with doubled vigour into the promotion of absolute and centralised control of national economy. In December he was able to announce full co-operation in this with his opposite number, Simon, with whom he is well able to consult personally, being master of a precise English*

***The President of France,** Monsieur Albert Lebrun, paid his first official visit to the British Expeditionary Force on his soil, travelling to a station near British Headquarters in his private autorail car. He was shown round by the C.-in-C., Lord Gort, who presented to him officers of his Staff. The President, whose visit was characterised by a complete lack of military splendour, or even formality, here notes points of mechanised units*

THERE are three and a half million acres of land in Scotland which are deer forests. A lot of this land is barren from the agricultural point of view, but it undoubtedly includes a great deal of ground which once was fertile and productive. It would be a curious turn of events if a world war undoes the crimes which were committed by the landlords in the last century, when they evicted the crofters to make way for sheep and for deer.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR will live in literary history as a story-teller. Even his histories more resemble exciting stories than pieces of careful historical research. The " Hannay " series is, of course, by far the best known of his novels. Their distinguishing mark is the breadth of the canvas which Buchan used. His sweep and imagination carry the reader along, and almost make him forget that Buchan had only one device for keeping a story on the move. Whenever his inventiveness flagged, he invariably produced yet another staggering coincidence.

(Concluded on page 224)

Head of the French Military Mission : General Lelong

Kensington people who walk down Queensberry Way are now quite used to the sight of a guard of French soldiers mounted outside the grille gates of the Institut Français. Now and again the guard salutes as a braid-cap passes the gate on the way to or from Whitehall. For the Institut is now headquarters of the group of crack French officers who make up the French Military Mission in London. Liaison, obviously, is their job, and most of them are specially qualified by a knowledge of England, some even having worked here the last time the Entente flowered into a joint military effort. Head of this Mission is Général de Division (Lieut.-General) Albert Lelong, Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London since May, 1937. General Lelong, whose row of decorations includes the C.V.O., is a product of Saint-Cyr and l'Ecole de Guerre. He is a close personal friend of Generalissimo Gamelin, under whom he served during his mission in Brazil and on his staff in Syria. He has now added excellent English to his six other languages

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 222)

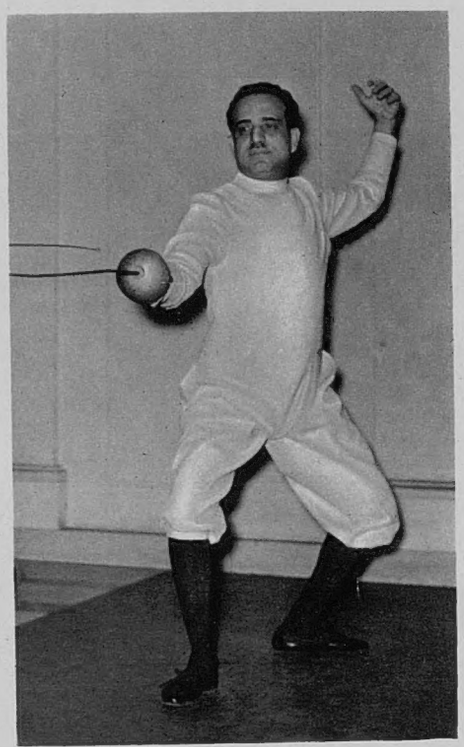
I HAVE just received the annual report of the Tennis and Rackets Association. There is one sad page in it entitled "Tennis Between the Wars." From 1919 to 1939 there was a great deal of splendid tennis at Lord's, Queen's, Prince's, Manchester and elsewhere. But while the first World War struck a cruel blow at the noblest of all indoor games, it may well be that the second World War will kill it almost entirely. Courts are closing down, and professionals are forced to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and the amateurs are joining up. "There is much to be said," goes on the report, "for the view that tennis belongs, like so many pleasant but economically unsupportable things, to the leisurely days of hansom-cabs and Gaiety girls." The hansom-cab has gone, and the Gaiety is waiting for the housebreaker, and I fancy tennis will soon be joining them.

THE B.B.C. is making a queer and elementary blunder when it cuts off the applause at the end of speeches made by members of the War Cabinet. A particularly childish example took place at Manchester, when Mr. Churchill's Fascist interrupters got, of course, full publicity on the air, while the thunderous applause at the end was instantly switched off to make way for some light music or something. The impression in neutral countries must have been very bad.

WHILE we are dishing out prizes this week, let us not forget to hand the prize for smugness to Mr. R. A. Butler, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When asked "Are the Government finding any difficulty in obtaining information of the Finnish situation, as they did with the Spanish situation?" he blandly replied, "The Government are always well informed of every situation."

THE Channel Tunnel is likely to be with us again before long. The French Minister of Public Works remarked almost casually in the French Chamber that the construction of the Tunnel would be one of the first public works to be considered after the war. And Mr. Chamberlain has said that if we are invited to discuss the possibility with the French we would certainly do so.

IT has often been my sad task in these notes to point out the horrors and the grimness of what we call civilisation. A perfect example caught my eye in an evening paper last week. Lady Louis Mountbatten possesses a pair of wallabies, which would appear to be kangaroos about the size of a terrier dog. She brought them from some savage island off the New Guinea coast to her beautiful and civilised estate in Hampshire. These wallabies are fed in Hampshire on potato-peel, grass, bananas, and cabbage. In their barbarous home in the Pacific they lived exclusively on wild orchids.



The Egyptian Ambassador, *Dr. Hassan Pasha Nashaat, fences regularly every morning at seven o'clock, with a professional in the hall of his Embassy in South Audley Street. For this the rugs are rolled back and a special covering is laid over the parquet for a piste. The Ambassador is a good swordsman, and joined a fencing club in London soon after he took up his appointment here in 1938*

IT was bad luck on Lord Queensberry that his boxing show for the Red Cross last week should have been marred by an unfortunate accident. Arthur Danahar, cleanest and straightest of fighters, had to be disqualified in the second round of his fight with Snow for hitting low. It was entirely unintentional, of course, but the referee, Mr. Moss Deyong, had no option. It was bad luck on Danahar, too, for the fight was part of his series to qualify for a match for the Championship.

SIR PELHAM WARNER takes the view, and rightly, that first-class cricket is out of the question this summer. But that is no reason why we should not see some first-class cricketers in action occasionally. Sandham, the former Surrey star, is putting up an interesting idea. He wants to collect a team of first-class players and tour the South of England, playing matches against any side that will put up an opposition. Already Hendren and Woolley and Durston have agreed to join, and I think they would be a great attraction.

JACK JONES will be sadly missed in the House of Commons. He was perhaps the only real wit whom the Socialist Party has produced, with the possible exception of Mr. McLaren. The cheerful Member for Silvertown enlivened many a debate with his asides and comments. The most famous of all probably was his interjection during the debate on the Iraq Mandate. "It's not Mesopotamia I'm worrying about," he exclaimed. "It's the mess up at 'ome 'ere."

The Greek Minister, *M. C. Simopoulos, sat next Mr. C. R. Attlee, M.P., at the National Defence Public Interest Committee's luncheon last week. Mr. Attlee was the guest of honour, made a quietly confident speech on the war, but gave a warning against over-optimism. On the same day he listened to Sir Walter Citrine's report to the National Council of Labour on his visit to Finland*

The Turkish Ambassador, *the lively Tewfik Rustu Aras, was also at the National Defence Public Interest Committee luncheon. His neighbour was Viscountess Trenchard, wife of the Marshal of the R.A.F. The Ambassador has been in the news this month on the signature of the new trade agreement between his country and Great Britain—a 1940 edition of the general trade agreement of 1936*

The Home Front

Inspections by Two Ministers and a Director-General

The Minister of Transport *and Major Lord Saltoun found nothing but a spare wheel when they opened the bonnet of CYO 237. That's because she is an electric car: she was on view with other electric vehicles in Palace Yard in a show arranged by the Electrical Development and Electric Vehicle Associations. Captain Euan Wallace was more concerned with railways than roads last week: he had to defend the Government's financial agreement with the railways against attacks from both sides of the Commons. Lord Saltoun is in the Gordon Highlanders*

The Minister of Shipping *spent a warming, browning few moments under the sun-ray lamps at the Albert Dock Hospital during his visit there last week. The hospital is one of the dockland establishments of the Seamen's Hospital Society. The famous fracture clinic where merchant sailors are treated for war injuries has now been re-opened. Sir John Gilmour became Minister of Shipping last October when the Ministry was set up. His last Government post before that was Home Secretary, an office he held from 1932 to 1935*

The Director-General *of the Films Division of the M.O.I., Sir Kenneth Clark, went down to Ealing studios to inspect a set for the first of the anti-gossip films sponsored by his Ministry. Michael Balcon, left, took him "on board" a submarine where some "Nazi" sailors showed him the controls. This is from "All Hands"; two other films in the same series are "Dangerous Comment" and "Prattle." Meanwhile, the poster campaign is fully launched on the hoardings with Fougasse's series—a great improvement on the letterpress posters. The R.A.F. has produced the best anti-gossip slogan to date: "Be as dumb as you look"*

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Half-Yearly Balance

THE war to begin war is six months old. On the sea we retain the mastery, can maintain our food supplies, and thwart invasion. The aery navies, as Tennyson probably said, grow and grow, but do not grapple in the central blue. On land, enormous armies lie entrenched in impregnable fortifications, and if I were their commander I would resign rather than order them to attack the West Wall; therefore, stalemate in the West. Our war aim, we are told—and this seems reasonable—is to win the war. How? We cannot win it at sea; we cannot win it, in my view of the strength of defence to-day, on land; that leaves us three weapons—the air arm, diplomacy, and blockade.

So, what now?

How Long?

ONE of the fatuous contemporary organisations for ascertaining the state of public opinion—no public opinion exists in England—has discovered that only one-fifth of my compatriots expect a long war, so that the other four-fifths know more than I know, for one. Perhaps the four-fifths will prove right, perhaps a wonder will be worked; in that case, having no knowledge of form, they will, by the pin method, have picked a winning outsider.

In for a Penny . . . .

OUR rulers give us no enlightenment at all about the war; they just urge us, from their Olympian aloofness, to have faith and hope, without clarity. But the known facts do not promise a short war.

I think I mentioned before that, in 1936, writing to the paper which then employed me, I said a war would soon come unless the simple measures were taken that could avoid it; and that this war would either result in a quick German victory (the Germans did not try for one, and have now lost the chance), or a long, protracted conflict which would bring Europe, by way of exhaustion here and explosions there and eruptions somewhere else, to a Chinese chaos of warring lords and generalissimos.

I expected the long-drawn-out conflict because of three main factors—the enormous strength of the German land army and air force, the impregnability of the West Wall, and the Nazi-Soviet reconciliation, which I anticipated and which banished the German nightmare of a war on two fronts. Given these factors—which are all present to-day—(and in addition the gigantic efforts made by the Nazis from 1933 to 1939 to put Germany on a war footing) I could not conceive anything less than a most protracted struggle; victory was not discernible at all.

Tangled Skein

I SEE few reasons to amend this calculation to-day. The Bolshevist debacle in Finland was cheering, but it does not help us much in our problem, which is Germany and Germany's armed strength. If the debacle continues, Stalin himself will soon feel a volcano stirring beneath him, but that, for the nonce, would only mean chaos more chaotic in the land where the unfortunate Russian people groan under an imported alien tyranny, a further spread of the Chinese confusion. Germany, who sent those alien plague-carriers to Russia, is now trying to do the same thing in the Balkans; she does not fear Bolshevism, but thinks this disruptive force now, as in 1917, a military asset, and the Comintern, working under her auspices from Vienna, is busy in two Slav countries, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. On the borders of Rumania, German and Bolshevist troops stand ready for an attack in March or April. So the sum reads: spreading confusion in the north-east, east and south-east of Europe; stalemate as yet in the west.

Break-Through?

IS there a way out of this impasse; can we, now that Germany has lost the chance of a quick victory, avert the long process of deterioration, exhaustion and widening chaos, and break through to victory?

I know, better than most, that the Nazi idol has feet of clay, but it can stand a long time unless it receives a shrewd blow in the neighbourhood of the ankles. Blockade alone will not do this; indeed, this blockade has too many gaps to merit the name blockade at all. Diplomacy alone will not do it; in that field our major aims should be to keep Italy and Bolshevy out of the war, and in this latter respect I think we talk too much of our support for Finland, although the giving of it is more than a hundred per cent. right. Incidentally, we could still lose this war by the kind of diplomacy which would make a peace that left Germany in possession of an intact army and air force and of some of Hitler's ill-gotten arms.

The Only Way

OUR only hope of victory, as I think, lies *within* Germany. It lies in those feet of clay, and the shrewd blow will have to be struck from the air. Mr. Amery, in whom seemingly alone of the throng on the Tory benches life is not extinct, recently advocated air-bombing now. Captain Liddell Hart, whose forecast of the course of this war was amazingly accurate, is against it altogether, at any time, if I rightly understand his latest article. I think Mr. Amery is more nearly right, and probably because (I believe I am right in saying this) he knows the Germans better. This is the supreme factor, which so few people in this country understand—the German mind. The Germans are hypnotised by the fact that they have been able to deal death and destruction to foreign countries for so long without ever feeling the taste of war *at home*—for in the last war they had only the smallest experience of air-bombing and invasion and this feeling of inviolability is the main reason for their complete surrender to the argument that they did not lose that war in the field at all, but were swindled out of victory.

When?

I THINK Mr. Amery is wrong in advocating air-bombing *now*, and Captain Liddell Hart wrong in opposing it at any time. It is the only thing that can set loose within Germany the forces that can help us to victory. I assume, and hope, that our rulers have abstained from it because we have not yet reduced the German lead in the air enough. I hope that when we have overtaken them and left them behind—in 1941, or whenever it may be—we shall not hesitate to bomb. We have a marvellous target, relatively easy to reach—the Ruhr, immediately behind the West Wall. The Ruhr is the greatest arsenal in the world; it is like Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield all lumped together. If the Ruhr is an open town, then Gibraltar, Mafeking and Troy are, or were, open towns.

In any case, we cannot win without making the Germans feel the war, and that is the only way to do it without exposing ourselves to defeat.

Thanking Lady Hadfield for Fifteen Vehicles

General Maisonnet officiated at the ceremony of accepting on behalf of the French Army five lorries and an ambulance train of ten carriages. The donor was Lady Hadfield, American-born wife of Sir Robert Hadfield, Bt., of Sheffield. Her ambulance train will be in charge of M. Cosset, the French surgeon, and of Mrs. Spears (Mary Borden), whose husband, Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, M.P., is Secretary of the Franco-British Inter-Parliamentary committee

Not Finland, but France

After two or three days of attempted reform, the thermometer fell back again below freezing point, and brought a thick snowfall to the frozen war between Germany, France and Britain. So our soldiers were issued as quickly as possible with the white clothing that we have learnt to think typical of the other, hotter war in the sub-Arctic. These pictures were taken behind the Western Front, show a squad of white infantrymen operating in a sunken road. Even their rifle barrels are bandaged against the eyes of a chance sky raider

"Jeannie" Makes a Hit

And Barbara Mullen Makes a Name

The aristocratic friend *of Jeannie on her trip to Vienna (paid for by a £200 legacy) is Albert Lieven, as the Count. He gives her romance, but she has to pay for it*

The commercial friend *of Jeannie is excellently portrayed by Eric Portman. He is more mundane—and pays out of his own pocket*

Critics agreed on the success of *Jeannie* at the little Torch Theatre, off Knightsbridge, not only the success of the play, but of the actress who plays the name-part. This is Barbara Mullen, whose history is as follows: born of Irish parents, she was brought up in an American speakeasy, was a step-dancer at three, toured the States in an accordion act, got a job as lift-girl in a hotel, tired of it and came home to find her father in Ireland. She found him famous—the Man of Aran, and following the family bent for acting came to the Webber Douglas school, acted Alice Fitzwarren in the Players' Theatre *Dick Whittington*, then got this part at the Torch. Her appeal is, as you might imagine, one of natural freshness coupled with an instinct for the theatre. She is the rare case of the born actress. The cast of *Jeannie* is presented to you herewith

Photographs by Lenare

The chiefs *at the Torch Theatre, Knightsbridge, are grouped here; Barbara Mullen, leading in "Jeannie," Eric Portman, opposite her; Irene Hentschel, whose delightful production of the play is a great part of its success; and Mrs. Vernon Dean, the general manager of the theatre club*

The author *of "Jeannie" is Aimée Stuart, who sent it to most London managements before the Torch took it. Now the West End is biting with gusto*

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Lights Up!" (Savoy)

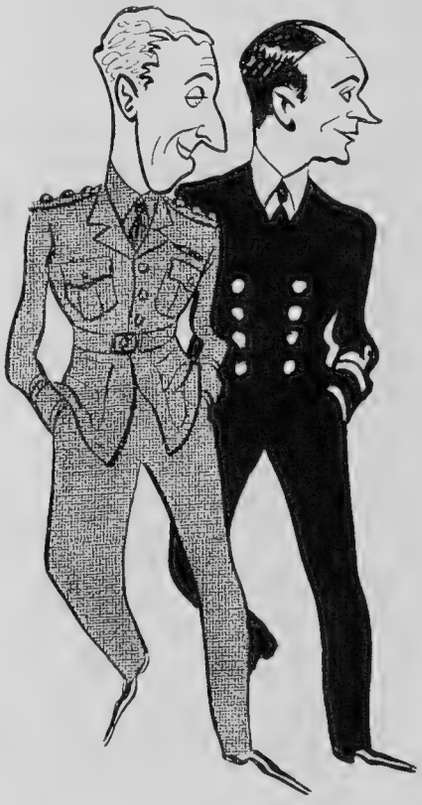
RE-ENTER Mr. Cochran. And about time, too. For—speaking as a dramatic critic—London isn't really London without him. And a war—remembering the revues he put on during the last one—isn't really a war. Those early Cochran revues were the first over here to combine wit with intimacy—only when peace came did Mr. Cochran start making our eyes pop out of our heads by splashing his colours about. And one of those early revues, if I remember, began in a black-out. Now the wheel comes full circle. *Lights Up!* begins in a black-out, too. But not quite full circle after all. For when the lights go up, it is on a show less intimate than the old ones, if more intimate than their successors. A show with hundreds and hundreds of costumes in it. A show with set after set devised to take the wind of man with beauty. A show, in short, whose *esprit* is *esprit décor*—though one glance at Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies is enough to justify the usual spelling.

THIS revue serves to remind us of a fact we should never forget—that it was Mr. Cochran who introduced taste into revue. It also serves to remind us that it is possible to spend a lot of money and yet to remain orderly. The depressing feature of so many of the splash revues put on these days is their disorderliness. Why, just because there is a war on and we may all get killed tomorrow, should so many of our theatres be turned into disorderly houses? I don't care who sees me going into the Savoy or who sees me coming out of it. I have beheld beautiful women and I can hold my head up and be bombed to bits without loss of dignity. I may be sorry I didn't laugh a little more. But you will already have read that the second half is ever so much better than the first, the whole concluding with a delicious conjuring sketch in which Miss Evelyn Laye, as Mr. Clifford Mollison's assistant, brings off all the tricks he fails to achieve.

MISS LAYE never makes a mistake. Within her limits she is immaculate and scores the hit of the night in an old dance-hall period song entitled "Only a Glass of Champagne," which I thought must have come straight from Ridgeway's Joys till I read on the programme that the lyric was by Mr. Arthur Wimperis. Mr. Mollison is neat in everything he does, and sings an excellent song, "*C'est la Guerre*," the tune of which will soon be all over London, with Mr. Martyn Green, who, being co-billed with Miss Laye and Mr. Mollison, prepared me for a surprise I didn't get. The discovery of the show is Mr. James Hayter, whose imitation of Lord Haw-Haw should be broadcast simultaneously with that gentleman's pronouncements—a perfect antidote for neutrals. Miss Doris Hare, of course, is always being discovered and never getting any further. She does some capital work at the Savoy, especially as a boy evacuee. There is also a dancer in Mr. Robert Lindon, who grabs chunks of air like Mr. Wally Crisham and brings the house down as a dope-fiend.

But the real star of the show is, of course, Mr. Cochran himself. It is Mr. Cochran the public will go to see. Which they never do—not even on first-nights.

Prince Charming and Buttons: Evelyn Laye, James Hayter



Song and dance by the Services: Clifford Mollison, Martyn Green

Sketches by Rouson

An evacuee who didn't oughter a' bin and gorn and went: Doris Hare

Films of the Day

Stewart and Laughton Get New Style Parts

By George Campbell

"But think of my position!" moans Mischa Auer, gambling for his pants with Marlene Dietrich, in *Destry Rides Again*. "I've met every king in Europe."

"Well, now you've met two aces," retorts the queen of the dance-hall implacably, reaching for the stake; and back to his infuriated wife goes the Yiddish cowboy in his long woollen underpants.

The incident is typical of a film that offers wit instead of gun-play, galvanises Miss Dietrich into new and boisterous life, and saves James Stewart from the reproach of being habitually and tiresomely a sap. Joe Pasternak made *Destry Rides Again*, and what the shrewd little producer of the Durbin series doesn't know about popular entertainment is hardly worth knowing. Here, basically, is the same old Western. Saloon-keeper cheating ranchers out of their homes, beautiful singer aiding and abetting until love makes a better woman of her, hero engaged to bring back law and order—you've seen them all a hundred times before.

But have you? Here is the formula with a difference. The old soak appointed sheriff for a joke by a crooked judge, the Russian Jew compelled by his wife to stare at the picture of his predecessor, and even call himself Boris Callahan; the new young deputy sheriff, "No-gun Destry," stepping out of the stage-coach in view of the town's assembled bad-men, holding a lady's canary in one hand and her parasol in the other—these are welcome novelties in this genre; and the dialogue-writers are just as careful to avoid clichés. If one is used, it has comic intent, as when somebody, seeing Miss Dietrich drop the gold coins offered by admirers down the front of her dress, comments: "There's gold in them thar hills!"

I regret to say, however, that this line has been cut by the censor, together with some shots of the up-and-down, all-in, knock-down-and-drag-out fight between Una Merkel, as the de-bagged cowboy's incensed wife, and the usually dignified Miss Dietrich. This is something to see and marvel at—a battle of wild-cats, fought out with a vigour and abandon incredible in the soignée, languorous heroine of *Shanghai Express* and *Desire*. Even as cut, the film offers quite expansive glimpses of the famous legs, exquisitely clad in stocking and the black lingerie of the period.

A few years ago, the hero and the dance-hall girl with a heart of gold ("only harder") would have ended up in each other's arms; but nowadays the Hays Code takes such a strict view of sinners that even her repentance cannot save her from the assassin's bullet meant for the deputy sheriff. She dies in his arms, wiping the paint off her lips (with a hand that shows no smear) before asking him to kiss her for the first and last time. Quite an effective scene, though I for one regretted losing the crooner with the wicked eyes and pretty wisecracks and voice disguised by the studio technicians as something half-way between Mae West and a foghorn.

Some people find James Stewart irritating. A personality that to others is whimsical and endearing seems to them about one remove from imbecility. In *Destry Rides Again* there is a welcome suggestion of strength behind the naivety; and he puts over some lines with an innocence that is extremely effective. Charles Winninger, with his musical-comedy technique, roars and bustles just a shade too hard for my taste, but I have only praise for Mischa Auer, Brian Donlevy (the scoundrelly saloon-keeper), and Samuel Hinds as the crooked judge with the dead-pan face and the quid of tobacco for ever moving in his cheek. George Marshall directed.

"The Hunchback of Notre-Dame" is lavish and spectacular and colourful, and just a bit of a bore. The pageantry of the Paris of Louis XI. is served up with infinite skill and no expense spared, but so absorbed are producer and director in the pleasure-mad mob and the gipsy entertainers and the ogling nobles that it takes an intolerable time to disentangle from the mass the characters who matter. Even then the story is less concerned with the Hunchback than the pretty little dancer who loves one man, marries another, has the first one murdered in her arms, and soon discovers that it is her husband she loves after all. The hunchback remains a horrific, shadowy creature, as inhuman as the gargoyles among which he swings, and it is only near the end that any attempt is made to make him sympathetic or even a human being.

Though Mr. Laughton does all that can be done with the creature, the film will not go down as one of his successes. His make-up is almost incredibly revolting and the picture spares you nothing in the way of flogging and torture. Maureen O'Hara, so stiff and amateurish in *Jamaica Inn*, plays the gipsy girl with fire and understanding. Henry Davenport, getting away from the conventional eccentric bedecked with leaden images of the saints, makes Louis XI. a kindly, likable old gentleman of a rather progressive turn. Anyway, his physician is able to persuade him that two baths a year would not be injurious. But the dominating character of the story is Notre-Dame itself, and the scenes of the hunchback lying on his back and madly ringing the great bells with his feet, and the spectacular attack of the mob repelled with stones and molten metal, could not well be bettered.

None of the other new films is important. *Remember?* is a whimsy trifle, half sentiment and half fun, with Robert Taylor, Lew Ayres, and our own Greer Garson, in her first big Hollywood role, at the corners of the triangle. *Hell's Kitchen* has the Dead End Kids, condemned to one of the horrible reformatories typical of the United States, if one could believe the films. And *A Chump at Oxford* brings back Laurel and Hardy in some first-rate knockabout, with Laurel as the scholar-athlete who is (*a*) asked to straighten out Einstein about his theory, and (*b*) addressed by his scout with the classic: "Your lordship has just defeated Cambridge."

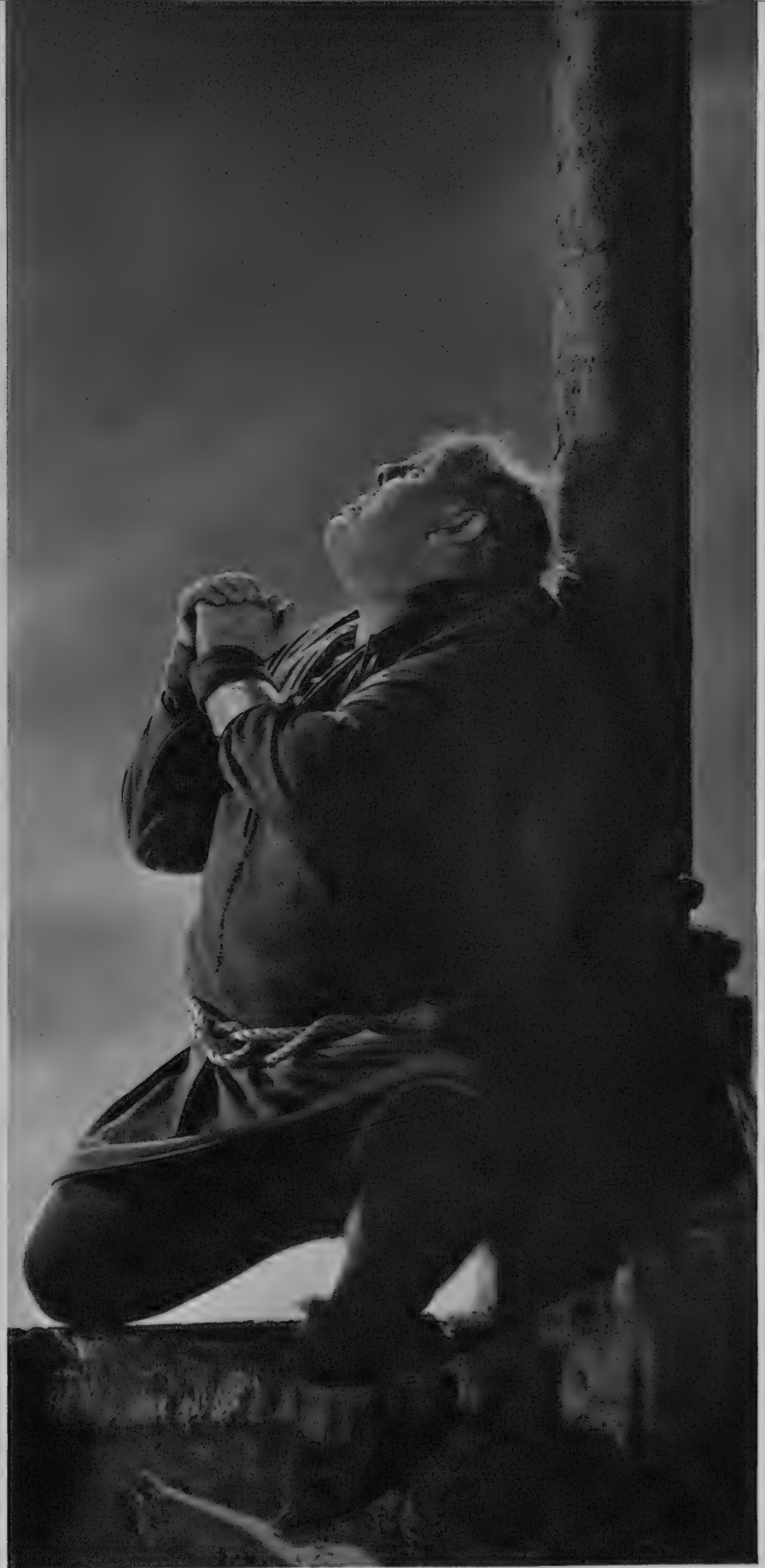
***The mob,** in strong evidence throughout "The Hunchback," is lavish and well handled. Here it watches Esmeralda arrive at the steps of Notre-Dame for rites before her execution. The film is reviewed above*

Torture, XVth century equivalent of cross-examination by a £3000 K.C., wrings a false confession from Esmeralda [Maureen O'Hara]. Horrifics of the Dark Ages are fully played up in the film

"The Hunchback of Notre-Dame"

RKO-Radio go medieval on an 80-acre Paris in San Fernando Valley, Cal.

RKO-Radio blew their bank-roll on *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame.* They are not the only Hollywood company to throw every ounce into one punch that is meant to knock the renters silly with enthusiasm: M.-G.-M. did the same with *Gone With the Wind.* But while the latter went for a new story about recent American history, the former paid no fancy price for film rights on Victor Hugo, spent their money instead on re-making old Paris. They took an eighty-acre ranch, built a 190-ft.-high Notre-Dame complete with its three main doors, kings and priests of Judah, gargoyles, and bells; round it were grouped houses, alleys, squares; into them went 3500 extras (a record), and 1700 crates of chopped celery stalks to look like garbage. Finally Charles Laughton's face was medievalised. And the result? Just what you would expect: a breath-taking film, not particularly convincing (despite the celery, you don't get the *smell* of Paris of the 1400's), but the right meat for the many who like some good acting almost lost in the trappings of a vast charade



***The Hunchback** turns to God between two concrete pillars at the film's end. The transformation of Charles Laughton's features with sponge rubber, false eye and plastic typifies the waste of his talents in this part*

Etude Symphonique *(" Czernyana ") is a slight, amusing skit on symphonic ballets, with recognisable allusions to the four Massine works. Above are Celia Franca, Olivia Sarel, Joan McClelland, Joline Wade, Frank Staff, Walter Gore, Leo Kersley*

The Ballet Rambert

Frank Staff's " Czernyana " and Walter Gore's " Cap Over Mill " are two recent additions to the Repertoire

Czernyana, Frank Staff's divertissement ballet to Czerny music, was first given during the Rambert season at the Duchess before Christmas, with considerable success. Several of the numbers are extremely witty (notably the two illustrated here), there is a charming pas de deux, " Les Belles Somnolentes," for Elisabeth Schooling and Sally Gilmour, and a well-composed, well-danced adagio, for the choregrapher himself. The whole ballet proves what *The Tartans* suggested, that Frank Staff has wit and inventiveness, and can express himself choregraphically with simplicity and economy. The decor and dresses by Eric Swinstead-Smith are admirably suited to the ballet's style

Cap Over Mill, by Walter Gore, had its premiere at the opening night of the present Ballet Rambert season at the Arts Theatre, which ends next Sunday. It is a romping, lively affair about a Vivandière who catches an Army Surgeon, and celebrates her silver wedding with an iced cake and some more gallivanting, grey-haired grandmother though she is, with the soldiery. Lisa Serova, who was a Ballet Club dancer (Elizabeth Ruxton) before she joined the de Basil Russian Ballet, makes a vivacious Vivandière. Gore is the Army Surgeon. Stanley Bate composed the music, and the gay attractive dresses and amusing settings (the high-lights of the ballet) are by Nadia Benois

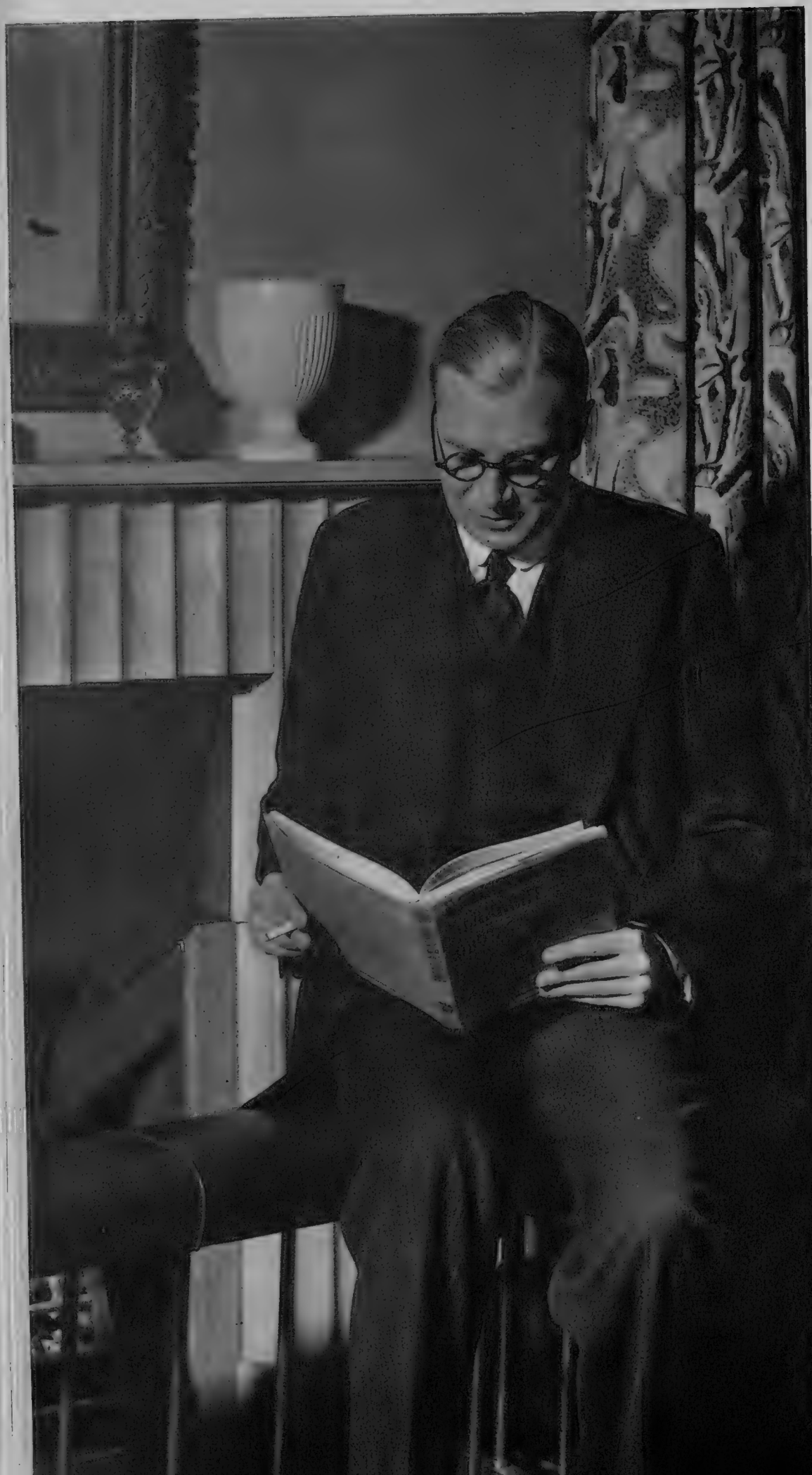
Photographs by Anthony

Presque Classique *(" Czernyana ") is a delicate burlesque, in which Elisabeth Schooling is excellent as the bored, careless ballerina whose airs and graces are as mechanical as the routine of her solo*

The **Hoop-dance** *of Sally Gilmour as the granddaughter in "Cap Over Mill," is the most attractive and original solo in the ballet. Sally Gilmour continues to give the finest individual performance in the present Rambert repertoire in Andrée Howard's small-scale masterpiece "Lady into Fox"*

The Camp *is the first scene of "Cap Over Mill," with Lisa Serova as the Vivandière, Walter Gore (choregrapher) as the Army Surgeon; Celia Franca, Joy Camden, Susette Morfield, Joan McClelland, Olivia Sarel, Joline Wade as Vivandières; John Andrewes, Leo Kersley and Peter Franklin-White as Soldiers*

The Silver Wedding *is "Cap Over Mill's" second scene, with the Surgeon (left) and the Vivandière (centre), a grey-haired old couple. Their granddaughter (left) is Sally Gilmour, their Guests (right) are Gillian Francis, Felicity Watt, Angela Dukes (Mme. Rambert's daughter)*



The War Minister and His Wife

The Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley and Lady Maureen Stanley at Home in Westminster

The new Secretary of State for War went into the last war as a boy of eighteen straight from Eton, and finished his military career as a Gunner Major with an M.C., Croix de Guerre and mention in despatches to his credit. He was called to the Bar in 1919, married the Marquess of Londonderry's eldest daughter in 1920, followed the Stanley tradition by entering politics in 1923. Beaten in his first election fight in Liverpool (Edge Hill), he reached the House of Commons ten months later as M.P. for Westmorland (has held the seat ever since) and was immediately appointed to be his P.P.S. by Lord Eustace Percy, then President of the Board of Education. From 1931 until six weeks ago Mr. Stanley has been Under-Secretary at the Home Office, Minister of Transport (succeeded by Mr. Hore-Belisha), Minister of Labour, President of the Boards of Education and, from 1937, Trade. The limelight has never played on him, and his fine brain and thorough grasp of whatever subject concerns him have impressed the House of Commons more than the general public for whom he is still the politician son of the Earl of Derby and the successor to his predecessor at the War Office. He made his first big broadcast speech as War Minister at Newcastle a fortnight or so ago

Lady Maureen Stanley, as the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, was brought up to politics, and is an accomplished speaker both in English and French. A year ago she went on a lecture tour of the Balkans for the British Council. Now she is working hard for various war charities. She and her husband have two children—a son of nineteen, Michael Charles Stanley, who enlisted in the Royal Corps of Signals when war began and is now with an Officer Cadet Training Unit in Yorkshire, and a daughter, Catherine, seventeen this year. Besides the house in Romney Street, where they have lived for four years, they have a lovely place in Westmorland, Witherslack Hall, at Kendal

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Lady Maureen Stanley with Photographs of Her Son and Her Father-in-Law

At Her Desk in the Library at 58, Romney Street

***On the table** is set out her favourite relaxation, fortune-telling with a pack of cards. And on her face, her typical expression, a smooth gravity*

***Before the war** Michèle Morgan was just starting on "Remorques" with Jean Gabin. But his enlistment in the French Navy ("Bystander," November 22nd) put an end to that*

***Since the war,** therefore, a new film has had to be found for Michèle: it is "Like Father, Like Son" ("Un Tel Père et Fils"), is directed by Julien Duvivier, and includes the costume for which the star is being fitted on the right. Mlle. Morgan (may we remind you?) was born on February 29th twenty-four years ago, ran away from home to go into pictures, made good in "Gribouille"; her "Orage" with Boyer and "Quai des Brumes" with Gabin have since been seen here. As yet she is innocent of Hollywood*

The "Bystander" re-visits

Michèle Morgan

A young French film star and some slices out of her life

Beneath the door *of the studio at lunch-time come the heads of the school-children from over the road, they call "Michèle!" and often she goes to talk to them*

This creation *was the daring bathing costume of thirty years ago and Michèle Morgan puts on the right pose of a young dea ex machina*

These paintings *were done in the first weeks of the war which gave the actress some leisure for such things. The painter is Uzelac*

More Fragments from France: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"A thousand dart boards have arrived, sir, but I can find no trace of the darts. What should I do about it?" (Answer censored)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SUITABLY decorous and "period" were the Press boys' commemoratory references to the wedding of Queen Victoria, one hundred years ago this month, though one of them recorded that the Privy Council's pans were covered with scowls as the young Queen announced her decision, irrevocable as usual. The Island Race as a matter of fact took the news on the chin. Having barely recovered from the shock of finding the merry old Georgian goings-on suddenly banished for ever—recollect that many an early-middle-aged man about town in 1840 remembered having been able to reel out of White's or Watier's, after a heavy night's drinking and gambling, to beat up a watchman or escort some of his harem to see a woman burned at the stake for forgery—it found a German princeling foisted on it. And though the Race had swallowed the Hanoverians, and even the odious Dutch pervert before them, with hardly a squawk, it burst into howls of derision, in print and song. As it happened, the Consort turned out to be an exemplary figure in every way, tactful, sound, industrious, self-effacing, full of all the virtues, public and private, and well worthy to grace that elaborate Gothic shrine opposite the Albert Hall, where the Prince stands for ever perusing what the Race believed till recently to be the Authorised Version of the Sacred Scriptures, but what is actually the catalogue of the Great Exhibition. Which only shows something-or-other.

Nothing being more futile than running down Victorian taste, except praising it, we would remark simply that even contemporary critics like Lady Frederick Cavendish held that the Memorial ought to have been put on top of the Albert Hall, which would then be a perfect example of the pastrycook's art. And if ever you hear some wise guy cracking at the Memorial, ask him to mention a later and better public work of the kind. All present will then instantly recall those designs for the projected George V. Memorial at Westminster, and amid a great hush you can pick up your hat and trip away, humming a light tune.

Blow

BEYOND being the home of a great Welch patriot and a million stockbrokers, Surrey has still one or two quiet old villages which are not yet ruined. Through one of them, Betchworth, the County Council proposes to drive a roaring by-pass road, with the object of enabling City men to save time. (And here, if you pipe up, puzzled as ever, with the eternal question, "What do business men want to save time *for*?" we refer you to the works of Somerset Maugham, who has solved this enigma once and for all in one word.) The inhabitants of Betchworth are said to be upset at this prospect, but we doubt if this includes the rustics, who in our experience don't give a damn for antique charm and wouldn't care if every village in England were turned into a Yukon mining camp. This painful rural insensibility once led a chap we know to leap from his car and plead with farmers whenever he found them pulling down, say, a fine old tithe-barn and putting up something in corrugated iron instead. We should say no man has been threatened with bloodshed in so many rich varieties of English *patois*. His firm opinion is that the hayseed does it deliberately to wound cultured spinsters living in restored Tudor cottages full of witch-balls, old Bristol glass, and crackleware. It 's a form of sadism, he thinks, like maiming sheep and putting out your tongue at Mr. Nichols's daffodils.

"The game's up, Charlie—I've thrown a cordon round you"

"'Ow about sixpennorth of dark, Liz?"

If Mr. Somerset Maugham is right (as he undoubtedly is), it follows that the English countryside is steadily being defiled and ruined for the purpose of favouring the amours of business men, which are transient, generally venal, and often ignoble. This policy seems to us even more drastic than that of Slogger Blake, who declared (as you remember) that he would not cease from mental strife, nor should the sword sleep in his hand, till he had built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. And even then Blake seems to have got no further in his operations than Brighton.

Bedwarmer

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P., having expressed in the *Sunday Times* strong but polished disapproval of the recent snow, we take it the Censor now permits public mention and criticism of the same. Very properly all British references to current weather are forbidden in order to baffle the German High Command, who have to switch over for news of it to the French wireless, which, of course, they do not understand. ("'*Neige*'? What on earth is that? And '*glace*'?" We can see those puzzled, menacing Nordic pans quite blank with misery and rage.) However, it can be said now that except, possibly, for the Dickens Fellowship and Miss Edith Sitwell, whose well-known lines are on every snow-lover's lips:

> The snow amygdaline
> Under the eglantine
> Where bristling stars shine
> Like a gilt porcupine (etc.)

—everybody in London had a bellyful of the stuff long before it ceased to be amygdaline and turned into the customary hellish, yellow-black, foot-freezing mush. But in the country it was healing and exquisite, as ever, lending even the dear homely South Downs a remote, mystical glitter under the stars, as if they were the High Pyrenees or the Sierra del Cadi. Gazing and remembering other icy star-lit heights, we

thought of Gil Perez and wondered if he were still carrying on his cosy and public-spirited office. Gil Perez, a huge, full-blooded citizen weighing twenty stone or more, is (or was) employed by members of a mountaineering club who have a rest-hut high up in the snowy peaks of the Guadarramas, as a professional bedwarmer. Whenever new climbers were expected, the excellent Perez rolled into their frozen blankets some hours in advance, and had everything nice and warm for them at the right time. We tried to introduce the cheap and simple Perez Method into our village to alleviate rural suffering during the Arctic snap, with the result that Joe Potts dare not move out of doors now for fear of being murdered by Henry Glue, a painfully suspicious type.

Warning

WHETHER those amusing "anti-gossip" posters about to be plastered over these islands by the Ministry of Information will ring the bell one naturally can't judge as yet. In our view the populace, though susceptible to fun, needs something of a serious nature as well. (After all, this war is a serious matter, as somebody was remarking only the other day.)

The Kitchener Moustache, that imperious sweep of brushwood which so nerved us for the struggle in 1914, has no worthy successor, just as conscription has rendered null and void that other type of outstanding recruiting poster, the Hatter's Nightmare, exhibiting half-a-dozen types of civilian headwear surrounding a Service cap and asking the citizen rhetorically if The Cap Fits You. After discussing the matter with representative clubmen our conclusion is that there ought to be a poster showing a huge idealised Test cricketer with a menacing pan, like a glandered wooden horse, pointing a batting-gloved finger at the shrinking citizenry and saying that the Fellow Who Gossips is Not Playing The Game. Accompanying this there ought to be a poster showing a sweet bow-wow—an Aberdeen for preference—gazing at the populace with liquid, melancholy, tearful eyes, with the caption, "You Wouldn't Want To Grieve Your Doggie, Would You? Then Don't Give Away Secrets." By disregarding these two principal spiritual preoccupations of the Race Sir John Reith has made a bloomer, in our unfortunate view.

These suggestions are proffered in the spirit, etc., because our native chatterboxes, civil and military, obviously need pulling up as soon as possible. In almost every pub and train you can overhear bits of information of value to the enemy naïvely bandied about between the populace and the troops, and although those 70,000-odd German nationals roaming unchecked in our midst are all officially certified decent sportsmen, the temptation must often be terrific. Maybe when the first babbler suffers the death penalty, as promised by the Prime Minister, the shock may silence a few tongues.

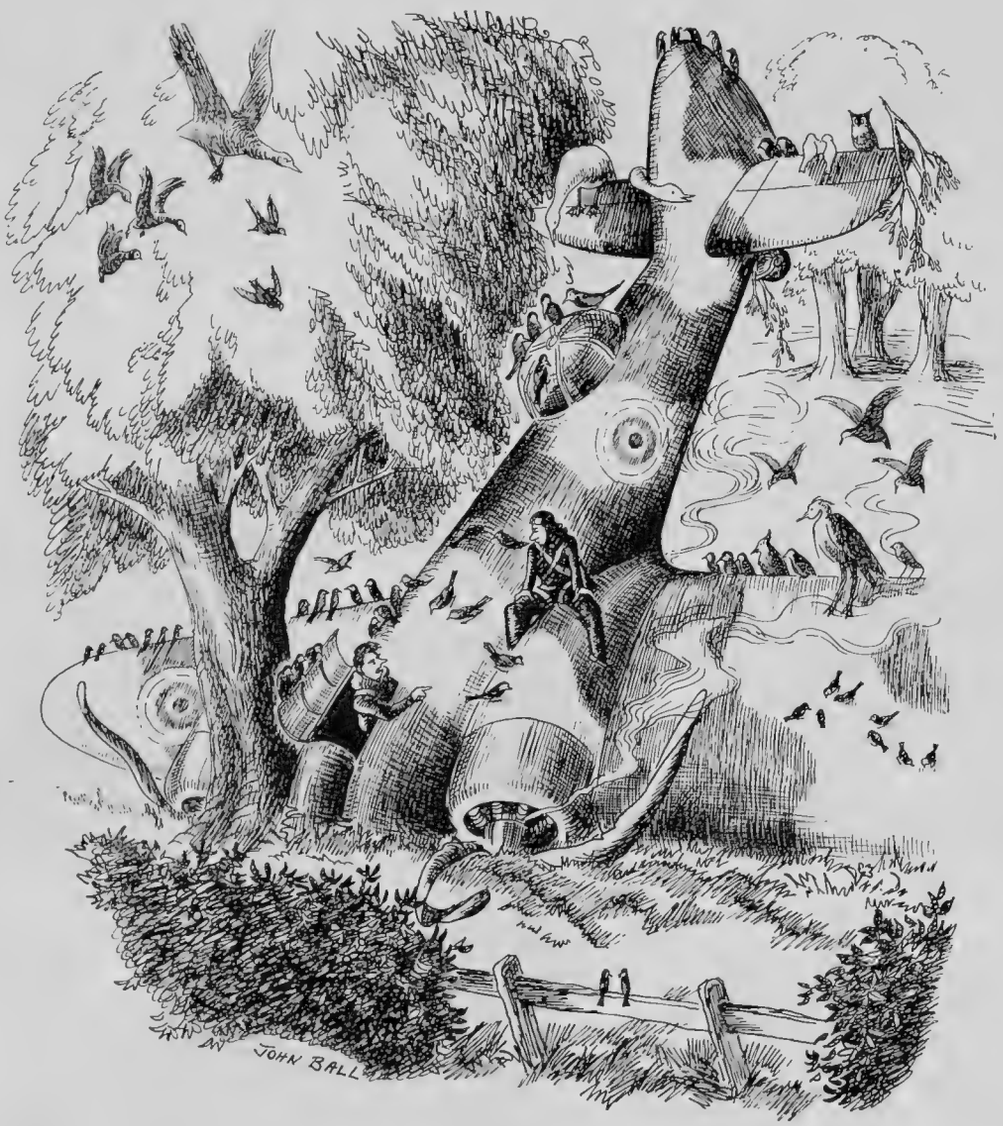
Exiles

IT will be consoling when the rough stuff starts, we thought the other day, contemplating some Press photographs, to know that the British Colony in Hollywood is behind us to a man, so far as the film element's concerned, at least. (We gather from private advices that that little gaggle or clump of ex-Bloomsbury intelligentsia who are also basking in a Californian sun are rather sulky about the war and won't have anything to do with it.) The film boys threw a big party the other day in aid of Franco-British war relief, and very nice they looked in their white ties and tails, keeping the Old Flag flying. What they think of Mr. David Niven, who turned down a big contract on the outbreak of war and rushed home to rejoin the Army, is not reported. From the jovial pans in the photographs it appeared as if they 've agreed to overlook it.

Purge

OWING to the shortage of pure Aryan or squarehead musicians German music is facing catastrophe, according to Dr. Fritz Stein, who nevertheless recently warned the parents of Nazi infant prodigies that "imbeciles will be ruthlessly rejected" from the academies and that "there is no reason why a silly boy should become a musician"—such a curious remark that we consulted a distinguished musician we know about it. He said there is probably very little actual cretinism in (*e.g.*) the average British orchestra. He said Stokowski's recent surprising rearrangement of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, moving the strings to the back and the percussion to the front, may have caused some ill-natured gossip, but that this implied honest fun and high spirits among the tympani rather than decadence and imbecility. Most of the percussion boys fill in their long idle spells during the average concert by knitting or fretwork or learning geography, he said. If anybody is silly it is the strings, who get all the hard work, are right under the conductor's eye, and never know, while they are slaving away like billyho, whether some raffish triangle or overdressed bird-call has not sneaked away to take their wives to the pictures.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I told you this camouflage was too realistic"

People: Dancing, Cow-leading, Reading, Eating and All Smiling

Ginger Rogers *put on a jewelled turban and a dress of vaguely Indian frock-coat style to go out recently in Hollywood; and both she and her escort, Walter Plunkett, put on plenty of smile for the cameraman. The actress's latest, "Fifth Avenue Girl," came on pre-release this month, while her "Bachelor Mother" went off on circuit*

Princess Hohenlohe, *a pretty spectator of ski-racing at Gstaad, took a cow well in hand when the animal strayed on to the course, and they both posed, she in white fur, the cow en profile, for the camera*

Primrose, *nineteen-year-old crooner, who appears with Sid Millward and his Nitwits, got back from a tour in France to find quite a lot of mail awaiting her. Most of it consisted of 300 proposals of marriage from French and British soldiers, to which she is giving her serious consideration here*

The Earl of Warwick, *back from his film career as Michael Brooke, but still in mufti, was dancing at the opening night of London's latest night show, "La Popote du Ritz" (see page A). His partner was Mrs. Lansing Arno, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Lansing, of Nassau, and wife of Peter Arno*

Four smiles *that beat all the rest on this page were registered by film folk at a Los Angeles dinner-dance held in aid of Franco-British war relief funds. They are William Powell, his new wife Diana Lewis, Richard Barthelmess, and, collecting money on a tray, Myrna Loy. We hope they gave cash to equal those million-dollar smiles*

Social Register

ENGAGEMENT

Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart, Lady Lansdowne

It was announced last week that Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart and the Marchioness of Lansdowne would shortly be married. He is the Marquess of Bute's brother, has been M.P. for the Northwich Division of Cheshire since 1922, has his home at Ardencraie, Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute. She is the widow of the sixth Marquess who died in 1936, mother of the present Marquess who came of age three years ago

CHRISTENING

Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd's Son

Simon Donald Rupert Neville Lennox-Boyd was christened at Pyrford Church, near Woking, with the Prime Minister, Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, M.P., Henry Channon, M.P. (his uncle), Sir Anthony Wingfield, Miss Freya Stark and Miss Patricia Collins as his godparents. Alan Lennox-Boyd is M.P. for Mid-Beds. and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Food, married in December 1938 Lady Patricia Guinness

WAR WORK

The Duchess of

The Duchess of Northumberland, has started an organisation for Many members of this service are uncomfortable conditions as the of woollen comforts. Last week the of the organisation and saw some classified for dispatch. Here she

ACTRESS

Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky

The Wilton House Company arrived in London last week to give the Cecil Beaton-John Sutro pantomime, "Heil, Cinderella," for a week at the Fortune Theatre, in aid of a war relief fund. Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky (formerly Lady Mary Lygon) was a member of the cast, which included the Countess of Pembroke, Lady Juliet Duff, and Miss Olga Lynn and Cecil Beaton as the Ugly Sisters

FIRST NIGHT

Miss Celia Mary Paget, Lord Killanin, Mr. and Lady Gloria Fisher

The quartet above went to see the new Cochran revue, "Lights Up!," on the first night at the Savoy. Celia Mary Paget is one of the Paget twins, nieces of Major J. B. Paget. Lord Killanin is in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and is a bachelor. Nigel Fisher is in the Welsh Guards, his wife is the Earl of Lisburne's eldest daughter. They were married in 1935, have a daughter born last October and christened Amanda Gloria Morvyth Vaughan. "Lights Up!" is reviewed by Mr. Farjeon on page 229

FOUR WEDDINGS

Northumberland

who is a staff officer of the A.T.S., supplying them with comforts. working and living in as cold and troops and are as acutely in need Duchess visited the headquarters of the goods being sorted and looked at a gaily-coloured blanket

Captain Burrows and Miss Evelyn Shuckburgh

Captain Anthony John Burrows, Royal Artillery, and Evelyn Honor Shuckburgh, only daughter of the late Sir Gerald Shuckburgh, Bt., and Honor Lady Shuckburgh, and sister of the present baronet, were married at the Church of St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness, Upper Shuckburgh, Warwickshire. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Burrows, of Heatherside, Keston, Kent

Mr. Salvesen and Miss Amélie Gibson

Ralph Neville Salvesen, only son of Major R. H. Salvesen, of Avondale, Polmont, Stirlingshire, and Amélie Sheila Gibson, daughter of the late Hon. Victor Gibson, and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Gibson, of Ridings Copse, Peaslake, Surrey, and niece of Lord Ashbourne, were married at Chelsea Old Church

The Hon. David Ormsby-Gore and Miss Lloyd Thomas

The Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, Berkshire Yeomanry, and Sylvia Lloyd Thomas were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, with a reception at 2, Carlton Gardens, the house of his uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Harlech. She is the second daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas, and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, of Compton Beauchamp, Shrivenham, Berks., and a niece of Lord Bellew

Sir Peter Greenwell and Miss Haig-Thomas

Captain Sir Peter Greenwell, Bt., Surrey Yeomanry, of Marden Park, Godstone, Surrey, son of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell, and Henrietta Haig-Thomas were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the second daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of The Grange, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon, and a niece of the Earl of Normanton

"Bystander" Short Story

Squirrels Have Bright Eyes

By John Collier

Illustration by Alex Jardine

I HAD what appeared to be the misfortune to fall in love with a superb creature, an Amazon, a positive Diana. Her penthouse pied-à-terre, was a single enormous room, liberally decorated with the heads and skins of the victims of her Lee-Enfield, her Ballard, her light Winchester repeater. Bang—a hearth-rug. Crack—a fur coat. Pop, pop—a pair of cosy mittens.

But, as a matter of fact, clothes suffocated her. Supremely Nordic, she ranged her vast apartment clad only in a sort of kirtle. This displayed four magnificent limbs, sunburned several tones darker than her fair and huntress hair. So I fell in love. What limbs! What hair! What love!

She only laughed. "Squirrel," she said—she called me Squirrel—"it 's no good. You 're a real pet: you remind me a little of Bopotiti: he lived in a tree on the Congo."

"Bogey," she said to her hateful little female adorer, who was always curled up on some skin or other, "Bogey," she said, "show him that snap of Bopotiti."

"Really," I said, "this is not like me at all. I am more graceful, more bird-like."

"Yes, but he used to bring me mjnamjnas. Every morning."

"I will bring you love, at all hours. Marry me."

"No."

"Live with me."

"No. No. I live with my guns. The world cannot utter its gross libidinous sneers at a girl who lives chastely with her Lee-Enfield, her Ballard, her light Winchester."

"Love is better."

"Ha! Ha! Forgive me. I must laugh now." And she flung herself upon a polar-bear skin in a paroxysm of giant mirth.

Utterly crushed, I went out to do myself in. Racking my brain for the most expressive method, I suddenly remembered a man called Harringay, a taxidermist who was often at her cocktail parties, where he had eyed me with a friendly interest.

I went to his shop. He was there alone. "Harringay. Stuff me."

"Sure. What shall it be? Steak? Chop Suey? Something fancy?"

"No, Harringay. Bitumen. Harringay, I want you to employ your art upon me. Send me to Miss Bjornstjorm with my compliments. For her collection. I love her." Here I broke down.

Harringay, that owl-like man, acted magnificently. He gave me his philosophy, put new heart into me. "Go just as you are," he said. "Perhaps love will come. Fortunately your eyes are somewhat glassy by nature. You have only to hold the pose."

"You think love will come?"

"She must, at any rate, recognise you as an admirably motionless companion for—it 's on the tip of my tongue—one of those things up in a tree to shoot from."

"It 's on the tip of mine, too. I 'll gamble on it. Harringay, you are a friend."

"No. No. It will be an advertisement for me."

"No. No. You are a friend. In one moment I shall be ready."

I was. He carried me to her apartment. "Brynhild, here is something more for your natural history museum."

"Why, it 's Squirrel. Is he stuffed?"

"For love of you, Brynhild."

"How life-like! Harringay, you are the king of taxidermists."

"Yes, and I service him every day. It 's a new method. It 's all arranged for. Shall I put him in that alcove?"

"Yes, and we 'll have a cocktail party. Right away. Everybody must come. Bogey, call everybody."

"Even Captain Fenshawe-Fanshawe?"

"Yes, by all means the Captain."

She collapsed, roaring with laughter, upon a flamboyant tiger skin. She was still laughing when the guests poured in. The gigantic Captain Fenshawe-Fanshawe, my rival with the monocle and the Hapsburg chin, taller than Brynhild herself, towered among them.

Everybody laughed, chattered, and admired. "Marvellous work, Mr. Harringay. When our dear Pongo dies, I shall send him to you."

"I hope you will do our Fifi, Mr. Harringay."

Harringay bowed and smiled.

"He did it for love, they say."

"Love!" boomed the Captain, filliping me under the nose. I trembled with rage and mortification.

"Be careful! He is very delicately wired," said Harringay.

"Love!" boomed the Captain. "A Squirrel! Ha! Ha! It takes a full-sized man to hold a worth-while amount of love. What sort of a heart did you find in him, Harringay?"

"Quite a good sort," said Harringay. "Broken, of course."

Brynhild's laughter, which had been continuous, stopped.

"A squirrel!" sneered the Captain. "Didn't know you went in for small deer, Brynhild. Send you a stuffed mouse for Christmas."

He had not observed Brynhild's expression. I had. It looked like one of those bird's-eye views of the world you see before a news-reel: everything going round and round; clouds, continents, seas, one thing after another. Suddenly, in a single convulsive movement, she was off her flamboyant tiger skin, and stretched superbly prone on the pelt of a black panther. "Leave me," she cried chokingly. "Go away, everybody. Go away. Go away."

The guests felt something was wrong. They edged out.

"Does that mean me?" said the Captain.

"Go away," she cried.

"Me, too?" said Bogey.

"Everybody," sobbed Brynhild. Nevertheless a woman must have a friend: she clutched her by the hand.

"Brynhild! What is it? You are crying. I have never seen you cry. Tell me. We are alone."

"Bogey, he did it for love."

"Yes."

"I 've just realised what that means, Bogey. I didn't know. I 've been all my life hunting things—killing things—having them stuffed. . . . Bogey, that 's all done with now. He 's everything to me. I 'll marry him."

"I don't think you can, if he 's stuffed, Brynhild, darling."

"Live with him, then."

"The world . . . ?"

"The world's gross libidinous sneers can't touch a girl who lives with a man who 's stuffed, Bogey. But I shall sit him at table, and talk to him, just as if he were alive."

"Brynhild, you 're wonderful!"

I agreed. At the same time my position was a difficult one. It is no joke to have to seem stuffed when your beloved adores you, passionately, remorsefully, sits you up at table, talks to you in the firelight, tells you all, weeps even. And yet, if I unbent, if I owned up, I felt her newborn love might wither in the bud.

Sometimes she would stroke my brow, press a burning kiss upon it, dash off, fling herself down on a leopard skin, and do her exercises, frantically, hopelessly. I needed all my control.

Harringay called every morning, "to service me" as he said. He insisted that Brynhild went out for an hour, pretending that a

(Concluded on page iv)

Spring Around the Corner

After the black-out winter, clear, brilliant colours have come back in the new spring clothes. Town suits and coats must, perhaps, still be dark to be practical, but flashes of colour can be introduced with accessories. The hat above is made of soft scarlet kid, stitched round the brim and swathed with a black, chenille-dotted veil. This is caught with a bow of the same leather, which can be worn at the back or over one shoulder. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, have this model in their intriguing new collection, which also includes a felt pill-box swathed with extra long chiffon streamers in two contrasting colours

If your handbag has to stand up to hard wear you can scarcely do better than choose pigskin, a leather that shows very little sign of strain but which may soon be difficult to find. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have this unusually shaped pigskin handbag for 49s. 6d., made with a sliding fastener and two outside pockets

A three-piece is as good as an expanding suitcase, for it contains several outfits in the space of one. For week-ends and travelling, in particular, it seems to leave very little else to pack. This attractive model from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, costs 8½ guineas. Both the coat and the lined suit are patched with pockets, the season's favourite trimming, and are made in Scotch frieze of various colours, including sandal-wood and horizon blue. They can also be copied in mixture tweeds if you plan to wear them in the country

Fayer

Angela Mary Sim

Is the only daughter of A. Chatterton Sim, of Georgian House, Maidenhead, and 54, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10. She is engaged to Linford Morris Davis, Royal Tank Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis, of Joselyn, Bourne End, Bucks.

Beryl Fitch-Kemp

Is the daughter of Lieut. Aubrey Fitch-Kemp, R.N. (Ret.), and Mrs. Fitch-Kemp, of Boston Manor, W.7, and has announced her engagement to John P. Kelly, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kelly, of 117, Rodenhurst Road, S.W.4, and of Co. Limerick

Pearl Freeman

Nancy Osborn

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osborn, of Lightcliffe House, Lightcliffe, Yorks. She announced her engagement last month to J. H. Chapman, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chapman, of Commonhead, Airdrie, Scotland

Pearl Freeman

Eirene Rosemary Whittow

Is engaged to Sub.-Lieut. Peter C. McC. Banister, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Banister, of Armstrong Farm House, Brockenhurst, Hants. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whittow, of Muryn, Brockenhurst, Hants.

Catherine Bell

Joyce Patricia Sealy

Is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. E. Sealy, and Mrs. Buckland, of Castle Mead, Beaulieu, Hants. Her fiancé is Lieut. Herbert T. Middleton, youngest son of the late T. Tyson Middleton, and Mrs. Tyson Middleton, of 7, Templewood Avenue, N.W.3

Lenare

Irene Fairbrother

Is engaged to Charles H. Dennis, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh V. Dennis, of Merchiston, Hoylake, Cheshire. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh K. Fairbrother, of Samoset Park Road, Beckenham, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Rodwell

Is engaged to Captain B. J. B. Pollard, R.A.S.C., only son of the Bishop of Lancaster, and Mrs. Pollard, of the Priory, Lancaster. She is the youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. W. O. Hunter Rodwell, of the Hall, Wigan, Lancs.

Fayer

Dorothy Porter

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Magill Porter, of Silverdale, Bray, Co. Wicklow. She is engaged to Richard Mottram, on of the late Captain P. J. McQ. Mottram, and Mrs. Mottram, of 4, Southwood Court, N.W.11

John Erith

Janet Frisby

Is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Guy Harris, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. M. Harris, of Argyll House, Twickenham, Middlesex, and Tudor Cottage, Ferring-on-Sea, Sussex. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Frisby, of Chartersmeade, Sanderstead, Surrey

Lenare

Moir Campbell

Is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Robert Campbell, and Mrs. Campbell, of Higher Westcott House, Oakford, Devon, lives at 33, Markham Square, S.W.3. Her fiancé is Lieut. K. E. Gordon, Royal Artillery, son of the late Eric Gordon, and Mrs. Herbert Brake, of 16, Bark Place, W.2, and grandson of the late Frederick Gordon, of Bentley Priory, Stanmore, Middlesex

Pearl Freeman

Iris Josephine Michaelis

Is the younger daughter of the late Sir Max Michaelis, of Montebello, Newlands, South Africa, and Mrs. Lilian Ibbetson, of 24, Parkside, S.W.1. She is engaged to Thomas Peter Hughes, Royal Artillery, son of the late Major E. M. Hughes, of Wymondham, Norfolk, and Mrs. Ralph de Poix, of 57, Porchester Terrace, W.2

Bassano

Joan Dagnall

Is being married in Cairo this month to Frederick John Bradshaw, attached to the British Embassy, Cairo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hulatt Bradshaw, of the Avenue, Beckenham, Kent. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dagnall, of Ridgemount, Weybridge, Surrey

Lenare

Mrs. G. D. K. Richards

Sylvia Atkinson, daughter of Major Atkinson, of Crescent House, Queen's Crescent, Southsea, was married last month to Sub.-Lt. G. D. K. Richards R.N., son of Mrs. G. W. Richards, of Malings House, Fareham

Harlip

Mrs. G. Le B. Gauvain

Nancie Fisher was married on February 10th in London to Gordon Le Ber (Tony) Gauvain, Beds. and Herts. Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gauvain, of Downsgate, Tadworth, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of R. E. Fisher, of New Zealand, and Mrs. Cyril Bull, of 18, Albion Gate, W.2

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. A. E. Hay Cameron

Iona Macdonald, second daughter of the late Captain W.B. Macdonald, R.N., and Mrs. Macdonald, of Greywell, Old Bursledon, Hants., was married on January 20th to Commander Archibald Eugene Hay Cameron, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, of Church Farm House, Chippenham, Ely

Mrs. G. W. Vavasour

Jean Robb was married in Malta on January 23rd to Lieut. G. W. Vavasour, R.N., only son of Sir Leonard Vavasour, Bt., and Lady Vavasour, of 15, St. Mark's Road, Alverstoke, Hants. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Robb, of Rowland's Castle, Hants.

Getting Married

Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Mrs. Neville Temperley

Geraldine Bartrop was married two weeks ago to Neville Temperley, only son of the late Professor Harold Temperley, Master of Peterhouse, and the late Mrs. Gladys Temperley. She is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Bartrop, of North Shepstone, Natal, S.A.

Perkins — Clifford-Wing

Above: Leslie Perkins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Perkins, of Wanborough Manor, near Guildford, Surrey, and Elizabeth Clifford-Wing, youngest daughter of the late John Clifford-Wing, of Abbots Leigh, Somerset, and Mrs. Clifford-Wing, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Wanborough

Right: Lieut. Donald F. C. Gourlay, Royal Artillery, only son of Lieut.-Col. C. W. Gourlay, of 19, Bryanston Court, W.1, and the late Mrs. Gourlay, and Dorothy Cecilia (Sue) Bosley, younger daughter of B. Harrison Bosley, of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., and the late Mrs. Bosley, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Gourlay — Bosley

Langrishe — Thomson

Left: Richard C. G. Langrishe, Hampshire Regiment, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. B. Langrishe, of Srinagar, Kashmir, and Jean Gertrude Abercrombie Thomson, youngest daughter of Dr. G. D. Thomson, of 30, Richmond Place, Bath, and the late Mrs. Thomson, were married at Bath Abbey

Pinsent — Favell

John Laurance Pinsent, elder son of Major and Mrs. J. R. Pinsent, of Priors Barlow, Winchester, and Margaret Molyneux Favell, elder daughter of the late R. Vernon Favell, and Mrs. Favell, of Penberth, St. Buryan, Cornwall, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Spencer — Follis

Ian James Spencer, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Spencer, of Hengistbury, Purley, Surrey, and Kathleen June Follis, daughter of the late Canon Charles Follis, and Mrs. Follis, of 20, Alexander Court, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

History by the Ton

By V. S. Pritchett

THE proper comparison for long American historical novels like the *Tree of Liberty*, by Elizabeth Page (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is not with literature at all. They should be considered as so many Normandies and Queen Marys and Bremens, all out to break a record on the Atlantic crossing, sound national publicity, and noted for the comfortable mediocrity of their interior decoration. They drive a reviewer to get out his torpedoes. *The Tree of Liberty* is below the level of *Gone With the Wind*. The story is cast in an earlier period and the background is the American Wars of Independence and the political splits which followed. These are seen through the Howard and Peynton families. We see Mathew Howard, a poor white frontiersman and physical giant who talks the Chaucerian English of the hills, we watch him grow up, lose his father in the French wars under Washington, marry above him into the conservative planter class, become friends with Jefferson and eventually fight against the British. We see the social struggle which made this inevitable and watch the split divide him from his wife and to some extent from his children. By the time the grandchildren arrive, the modern American, politically speaking, is born. Miss Page is conscientious about her history, but she has an industrious and sentimental mind of a not very interesting sort. She has neither wit nor humour, though she is good at talk. There is, however, far too much of it. Talk, talk, talk—it is like sitting in a railway carriage with people one does not know and who simply can't stop.

And in three generations the Howard-Peynton marriage does not produce any very exciting offpsring. The Howards quarrel all their lives, but miles ahead one can see that faked conclusion of all the Queen Mary class of novels: serene old age squeezing hands as it gazes at the young people. Fade-out in a mist of historical wistfulness. Still, those who take this boat will get a comfortable, competent crossing into the New World, and one must say this for these American books: they have seriousness of social purpose and a sense of the meaning of the national tradition. This has been lost to English historical novelists, who are chiefly engaged in putting a little lipstick on the past.

STILL, once in a while we do produce an historical novel, like Mr. Joseph O'Neill's *Philip* (Gollancz; 9*s.* 6*d.*). He has intensity rather than scope, he has a far greater imagination than writers like Miss Page, and is far more ambitious. His subject is the political events which stirred up Jerusalem at the time of Jesus and culminated in his crucifixion. With admirable judgment the figure of Jesus is kept off the stage. Novelists make a great mistake when they deliver frontal attacks on the Mannerheim Line of history; the best historical novels, like Mr. O'Neill's, are oblique. The art of re-creating an atmosphere lies in seeking it out in the streets, in never quite coming to grips with the subject until the end. In this book one sees the tumult, the fear and fanaticism of life in Jerusalem through the temperament of exactly the kind of man who would be most sensitive to them, one who has returned from

Lenare

Eyewitness

The Hon. Edward Ward is one of the distinguished band of war correspondents now reporting on the war in Finland, and his broadcast commentaries from the front there have made him one of the most widely known. He is Viscount Bangor's only son

abroad and who is alert with guilt and fear. Philip is half-Greek and half-Jew, a doctor and a rational man who has come back to discover his roots. He is tired of the culture of Athens. Philip at once finds himself charged by the fanatics with idolatry; and the politically subtle use his sense of guilt to turn him into a tool. Will he persuade the Romans to arrest Jesus? What Philip seeks, as he tells the ironical Pilate, is "a meaning to life." In this Philip illustrates the dilemma in which those of evenly mixed race so commonly find themselves: divided themselves, they are born spectators and they suffer an agonised passion to be made whole. Thus the teachings of the Messias horrify Philip as an educated man, but he is terrified that they may be "true"; unconsciously, of course, he is believing in magic. Philip is obviously a neurotic with guilt towards his father, which was also the theme of *Land Under England*, Mr. O'Neill's earlier book. We are not treated to the sight of Philip's soul being saved. It is not. He is murdered as a spy by those Christians who thought the Messias had come to lead an armed insurrection against the Romans.

Philip is one of those characters who cannot find peace because they cannot love. The torture of being obsessed with Miriam, the Christian plotter and desert fanatic, rules him rather than the sacrificial devotion offered by Ruth. This is an intensely dramatic story and Mr. O'Neill has an extraordinary capacity to suggest conspiracy, persecution, guilt and foreboding by a few words and for piling them on until it is a nightmare. There is a price to pay for this. A book as egotistical as *Philip*, and as obsessed, is inevitably monotonous in its reference. It is like that insistent desert singing, that harsh, one-string note of the Koran. His people are vivid but, being seen in these terms only, tend to become undifferentiated, though portraits like that of the High Priest, aloof and dissembling in his garden, and in a panic about his mortgages and his political wire-pulling, stand clear to the end. Probably what will remain in the mind after putting the book down are not the agony of Philip, nor Pilate, Barabbas and the Christian theme, but the descriptions of the smell and hurting sun of the streets, the falling of the rain, the jostle of the mob, Swift's eye for the accidental detail which brings a whole morning to life again out of the past. One gathers the crude atmosphere of an event which the poetry of the Gospels and two thousand years of Christian teaching have detached from the heat of human life.

PROPERTY, especially family property, is a major human preoccupation—the property motif in *Philip* is excellent—but it is usually lost in the bigger issues of history. In *The Russells of Bloomsbury, 1669-1771* (Cape; 15*s.*), Miss Gladys Scott Thomson shows how it can be retrieved and add a fascinating sidelight on events. This book is a continuation of the method used in her *Life in a Noble Household*, and has been got together from the diaries, letters, account books and legal paraphernalia of the Bedford family. It is the story of how Bloomsbury grew from market garden to the finest surviving Georgian demesne in London, and told in a detail which is both learned, human and amusing. She is as interested in how much a Duke spent on clothes and wine as she is in the reasons for his execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields; she will discuss the condition of English Music after Purcell, but will also go into how much Italian singers were paid and what it cost to dine them. And behind the damask, waiting at the end of the journeys in the velvet-lined coaches, is the Age's nightmare—the smallpox. And the doctor's bills. Twenty pounds for treating a Duke does not seem a high fee, and you could get a good meal on the Bath road for two or three shillings. But it cost over £1 to send fifteen letters up from Devonshire. Perhaps we'd get a revival in letter writing if the post cost more. This book is skilfully stuffed with curious rummage, and there are some engaging portraits.

LIST of Novels recommended: *Idle Apprentice*. By Joanna Cannan. (Gollancz; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Anne Minton's Life. By Myron Brinig. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

The Kahn's Progress. By Richard Ullmann. (Faber; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Luke's Circus. By Ruth Manning Sanders. (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

The Romantic. By Elizabeth Bibesco. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Before Lunch. By Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

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Motoring Commentary

Preston to London in Six Days

By "Spare Wheel"

WHAT a winter it is on the roads! Now that even the Censor admits that January is over, something can be recorded of the most severe weather in the history of motoring. I imagine 1895 was worse, but motoring had not really begun then. What cars there were took jolly good care to keep out of the way in that great freeze. As a Londoner, or near-Londoner, I have no first-hand knowledge of the worst of it this time, for in the South we escaped quite lightly, comparatively speaking. No drifts in which lorries were completely hidden for us. Lots of burst radiators and cracked cylinder-blocks, of course. I, living on the side of a hill, was marooned, so far as the car was concerned, in spite of chains. But listen to the epic of a motorist's struggle to reach London.

The hero was a business man, well known in the motoring world a few years ago as an ardent supporter of racing. He set out from somewhere in north-west Lancashire—Preston, I think—to reach London by car. It took him six and a half days. Except for meals and at night, when it was really impossible to struggle on, he did not stop—voluntarily. Again and again he had to dig himself out, or get himself dug out, of the drifts.

One day he came upon a place where there was a line of lorries held up—hundreds of them, he said. Three hundred men were at work trying to clear the road. It looked as if it would take them weeks, so he took to the fields. Guided by locals, he followed cart-tracks on the lee side of hedges and through trees, and after fifteen miles of this found himself back on the main road four miles the other side of the big drift.

What those lorry-drivers went through will never be told, I suppose. Plenty of cars were caught out, too, though. In January, the R.A.C. alone had over a thousand cases of broken-down cars seeking help under their "get-you-home" scheme. Besides the burst radiators and burst water-pipe connections, the commonest trouble, there were damaged wheels from skids, ditched cars, embedded cars, cars with the engine "frozen solid" after an imprudent halt in the middle of a journey, cars with ice in the petrol-pipe and stopping the feed. But the R.A.C. records with pride, although many of these tragedies occurred at night, in no case did any garage from which help was sought refuse to go to a motorist's assistance, even though it was often pitch-dark, the road inches deep in frozen snow, and half a gale blowing. Often breakdown vans could not average more than 2 m.p.h. on their journeys to bring in a broken-down car. Even on main roads in the North, the snow was solid from hedge-top to hedge-top. And yet motor transport was not mastered. No one in distress, so far as the R.A.C. knows, was unable to get assistance and, in the majority of cases, the journey was completed.

AT the end of the freeze, after some hours of digging, I cleared a way for my car, and, by dint of charging it, managed to surmount the sloping icy slide that was my link with the world. For the first time in four or five weeks the surface, the original surface of the Oxford road and Western Avenue, was visible—and a considerable amount of damage disclosed. Where the snow had not been continuously swept aside by passing wheels as in the city streets, it had been beaten to compressed ice, and then pounded and scarified by chain-clad tyres of cars and lorries. Again and again it had been too much for the surface. The equivalent of a full year's wear and tear had been done to the roads during those weeks of cold. The Road Research people, no doubt, will have had the best chance on record of studying the effects of cold on different surfaces, but I wonder whether in these hard times we shall get those new potholes filled in and those disintegrated "carpets" re-carpeted.

Do you remember what the roads of France were like after the last war? And how long it took for them to recover? Now the traffic will be infinitely heavier, and the damage, if the war lasts, worse.

My first trip to France after the last war was in an Austin "Seven," one of the earliest of that famous model. We were rash enough to take the road through St. Omer, Bethune, Arras and Soissons on our way to Grenoble and St. Pierre de Chartreuse, and the agonies of our first day out from St. Omer I still recall with a reminiscent squirming in my chair. All pavé, Napoleonic pavé by tradition and appearance, plus German shell-holes. Fifteen miles an hour the maximum speed for hour after hour, practically all the day long.

When it wasn't pavé, it was dust and potholes, and in those days the French idea of road maintenance was to sweep the dust into the potholes, so that the latter were lost to sight, and you couldn't see to dodge them. When, having taken twice as long to reach the Alps as we had calculated, it was possible to rest off for half a day, examination showed that almost every nut and bolt on the poor little Austin was loose.

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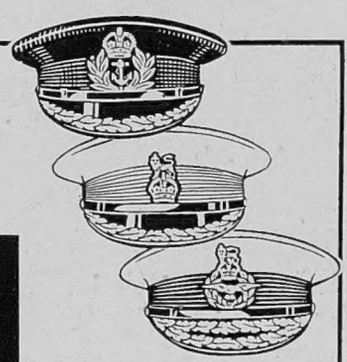

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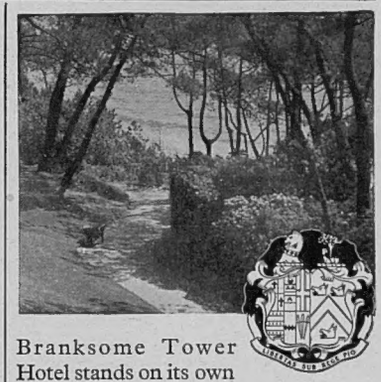

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE

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Squirrels Have Bright Eyes

(Continued from page 244)

professional secret was involved. He gave me my sandwich, my glass of milk, dusted me thoroughly, massaged my joints where they were stiff.

"You can't massage the stiffness out of this absurd situation," said I.

"Trust me," he said.

"All right," I said. "I will."

Brynhild returned, as usual, five minutes or so too early. She couldn't stay away the full hour. "I miss him so," she said, "when I 'm out. And yet, when I come back, he 's stuffed. It 's too terrible."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Harringay.

"I dare not believe it," she said, clutching her heart.

"What ? " cried he. "And you the little girl who shoots tigers ? Pluck up your courage. Would you be too scared to believe in an artificial leg ? "

"No," said she. "I could face that."

"One of those modern ones," said he, "that walk, kick, dance even, all by machinery ? "

"Yes," she said. "I believe it."

"Now," said he, "for his sake, believe in two of them."

"I will. I do."

"Be brave. Two arms as well."

"Yes. Yes."

"And so forth. I can make his jaw work. He 'll eat. He 'll open and shut his eyes. Everything."

"Will he speak to me ? "

"Well, maybe he 'll say 'Mamma.' "

"Science ! It 's wonderful ! But . . . but what will the world say ? "

"I don't know. 'Bravo ! ' Something of that sort."

"No. Gross libidinous sneers. If I live with him and he says 'Mamma.' And I can't marry him because he 's stuffed. Oh, I knew it would be no good."

"Don't worry," said Harringay. "These are just technicalities. I 'll straighten it all out. More to-morrow."

She saw him out, and came back shaking her head. She was in despair. So was I. I knew the Diana element in her. So did she. She spent the afternoon weeping on the skin of a giant grizzly. I longed to be with her. I felt myself as if I were on the skin of a hedgehog.

Suddenly, just as the shadows were falling thick in the vast apartment, there was a knock at the door. She opened. It was the abominable Fenshawe-Fanshawe.

"What do you want ? " said she.

"Guess," said he.

"I wouldn't dream of it," said she.

"No need to," said he, removing his jacket.

"What are you doing ? " said she.

"I have waited long enough," said he. "Listen, I don't like that kirtle. It doesn't suit you."

She made a bound, however, and reached the wall. Her guns were there. She pointed the Lee-Enfield. "Stand back ! " she cried.

The Captain, sneering, continued to advance.

She pulled the trigger. A hollow click sounded. The Captain smiled and came nearer.

She caught up the Ballard. Click ! The Winchester light repeater. Click ! Click ! Click !

"I removed the cartridges," said the Captain, "when you were laughing so heartily at the cocktail party."

"Oh, Squirrel ! If you could help me ! "

"He can't. He 's stuffed."

"Oh, Squirrel ! Help me ! Squirrel ! Squirre . . . " At that moment he seized her. She broke free. "Help me ! "

"You 're durn tootin' I will," said I, rising stiffly from my seat. The effect, in the shadowy alcove, was probably uncanny. The Captain gave a throbbing cry. He turned and fled for the door. My blood was up, however, and regardless of the pins and needles I pursued him, snatching a prize elephant's tusk as I ran. While yet he scrabbled at the latch I let him have it. He fell.

I felt Brynhild beside me, a true comrade. "Forgive me," I said. "I have deceived you."

"You have saved me. My hero ! "

"But I am not stuffed," I murmured.

"At least," said she, "you have more stuffing in you than that great beast."

"He will need it now, Brynhild. Or there will be trouble."

"Yes. We will call in Harringay."

"Good old Harringay ! "

"A clean kill, Squirrel-mine ! Great hunting ! "

"Thank you."

I put one foot on the giant carcass, then the other. Our lips were on a level.

"Brynhild ! May I ? "

"Yes."

"Really ? "

"Yes."

It was a divine moment. We sank upon the skin of a giant panda. Bogey knocked in vain.

Next day, of course, we were married.

THE END.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Meeting as Usual

WORLD civilisation, it would seem, is still alive. The Ladies' Golf Union can not only call an annual general meeting ; it can issue a report of the Executive Council for 1939, in which such dead and buried words as "amateur status" make their annual appearance ; it can publish the minutes of last year's annual general meeting, and a lengthy agenda for this, the whole document running to a round dozen pages, all on paper which appears to be of quality equal to anything in pre-war days.

Is there a war on in which Great Britain is fighting for her own and everybody else's existence ? Does the pulp for paper such as this have to be brought to England at risk of ships and men's lives ? Is it to be wondered at that the L.G.U. is expecting affiliated clubs to pay half pre-war subscriptions—in return for nothing at all ? Did I hear somebody say : "Nothing at all ? Why, have they not received this magnificent volume, which has been carried to the whole 1423 of them by the expenditure of trains burning British fuel, or mail-vans running on imported petrol, and finally sorted and delivered by postal servants under all the difficulties of black-out, man-shortage, and the great frost. Mustn't the clubs be expected to pay for that ? "

To which the answer is, surely, why expend all this money, these goods, this energy, on something so entirely unessential to winning the war ? Isn't it nearly time that everybody, even the L.G.U., should realise there are issues more vital than its importance, its precedents, its continuity ? Would anybody be one ha'porth the worse if all this pomp and ceremony were to be cut out, and folk left to spend such money as is left over after paying their taxes, providing bare necessities for themselves and comforts for the forces, on playing golf in their own way, and thus supporting their far more valuable clubs ? The L.G.U. had quite rightly made provision for an emergency committee in the event of war ; surely at that it could have been left. Is anybody going to worry because the rules of the Union are affected, since war cancels all contracts ? Their present suggestion that clubs should hold competitions for the Red Cross is wholly commendable, and one grand thing has been done by the Union in the past five months : it has received and arranged for the distribution of £200-worth of goods sent by the Victorian L.G.U. amongst needy children evacuated from the London area. That is a really splendid war effort on Victoria's part ; one would like to hear a great deal more about it at the coming annual general meeting. Reports are to be received as usual on women golfers' International Match Fund, and the National Playing Fields Association ; the Victorian L.G.U.'s magnificent gesture of Empire unity and concern for problems of our home front will have to come up—as it quite certainly will—under "other business."

THERE are too many question-marks on this page already, but one more must be allowed. Is there an incipient humorist on the emergency committee of the L.G.U. responsible for this paragraph of the Report, or was it written in all seriousness ? : "The Amateur Status Committee has again done a considerable amount of work during the past year, and has been consulted by several players in doubt as to their amateur status. Up to the outbreak of war no communication had been received from the Royal and Ancient Golf Club on the subject of a revision of the present Definitions of an Amateur, and *it is probable that the war has prevented the completion of their deliberations on the matter.*" The italics, I hastily add, are my own. So is my conviction that the R. and A., wiser, as well as nearer the North Sea, than the L.G.U., have not only realised that there is a war on, but are alive to the assumption that, after it is over, the definition of an amateur will be needless. If officers and other ranks may dine and dance together ; if the peer who is a private may wear his battle-dress in the most exclusive of restaurants, nobody is going to stand for such tomfoolery as distinctions between amateur and professional in the ranks of the women golfers.

ANYBODY who goes to the Queen Mary Hall, Y.W.C.A., Great Russell Street, at 11.15 a.m. for 11.30 on Wednesday, February 28th, may come away wiser, sadder, or more angry than usual. But there is wisdom in that word "may." The quorum required for that meeting is fifty. It is just conceivable that fifty delegates may not be forthcoming, and equally conceivable that the Emergency Committee would not proceed with a smaller. I wonder !

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Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

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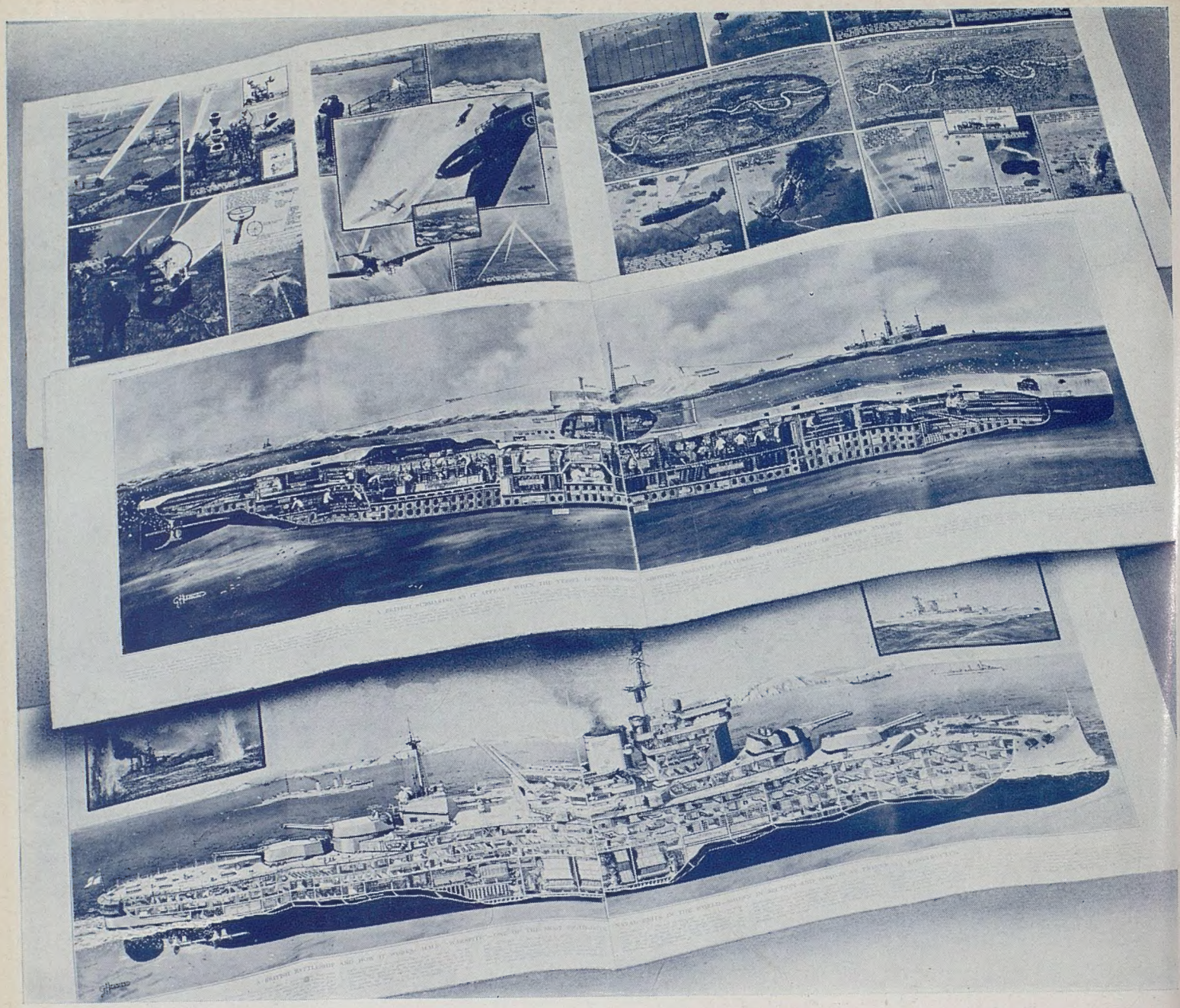

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